The Sketch

No. 2522—Vol. CXCIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE.

CHARM IN PANTALETTES.

We're used to seeing beauty in slacks; here's an example of charm in pantalettes, as the frilly trousers worn under crinolines used to be called. It's a portrait of MARY MARTIN *in her new Paramount picture,* " KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE," *which is now in production. She was recently seen in "Love Thy Neighbour," at the Carlton; and will appear next in "New York Town" with Fred MacMurray and Robert Preston. Don Ameche is her opposite number in "Kiss the Boys Good-bye."*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Bolt from the Blue. When I was informed at breakfast one morning—not being then in the fullest possession of my faculties nor in the mood for facetiousness—that Herr Rudolf Hess had paid us a flying visit, I was greeted by a shout of ribald laughter, which annoyed me considerably. On asking icily what there was irresistibly comic in my appearance, I was told that my jaw had dropped with a loud click on to my collar, and nobody had seen this physical feat performed outside a novel. It was true; I found the jaw in that position, nearly dislocated, and I had difficulty in getting it back to position and eating my breakfast. I then observed: "Well, this war is full of surprises, and I could have believed almost anything, but *this* takes the frosted bun!" I was told that this remark was an extremely feeble bromide, and I dare say it was, but I said it and I stick to it. Whatever else may happen in this war, this descent from the skies of the dentero-Hitler wins, in my opinion, the Open Championship.

"It gets on ole Joe's nerves to see a picture hanging all askew."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The More the Merrier. If my reaction was commonplace, at all events I refrained from the jape which, within ten minutes, was on thousands of lips: "When will Hitler arrive?" One can't help speculating about the possibility, and wondering what we should do with him if he did drop down in our midst. He could undoubtedly get a lucrative engagement on the music-halls, delivering one of his impassioned speeches—a "turn" which would be greatly appreciated by a vast public. Hollywood would pay him fabulous sums, and he could get a very profitable contract for a new and revised *Mein Kampf* in the Sunday Press; and the proceeds could be devoted to assisting the British war effort. It is worth the Government's consideration. And then there is Hermann. Some time ago we were told that he was flying over London—perhaps *he* was thinking of floating down on 10, Downing Street? I think he would be a definitely popular turn, especially if he brought his menagerie with him. However, neither the Führer nor the Marshal has arrived yet, and I think it improbable that the Doktor or the Champagne-shover or the Haw-Haw will be dropping in—at least, I should not advise it, as I think they might find the climate adverse to their health. Meanwhile, the question is, what to do with the first of these distinguished parachutists?

Tally-Ho! I have heard the suggestion that we might say, quietly but firmly: "We don't want to influence you in any way, but if you don't come clean, you must go back the way that you came." One hard-hearted friend of mine suggests that we fly our visitor back to Berlin and just float him gently downwards, with a note attached: "No, thank you." I doubt the diplomatic wisdom of this, and am content to leave the difficult solution of the puzzle to the Government, since that is what Governments (poor devils!) are for. Meanwhile, I am somewhat perturbed—though not sufficiently to spoil my sleep (when I get any)—about the prospects for other enemy balers-out. I foresee keen public competition for the capture of prizes. I should advise enemy airmen not to wear toothbrush moustaches or cowlick coiffures; they might find themselves, not being brought up to Rugby football, inconvenienced by the scrummage. I expect feverish emulation among the Boy Scouts, and others of our more enterprising youth, in the collection of Party Members. And I rather fancy that the police are going to be somewhat harassed by frequent captures of alleged Nazi Big Shots by people with pitchforks. Altogether, I doubt whether Herr Hess quite realises the amount of bother which he may cause us. However, that sounds a little ungracious to a newly-come guest, and for my part, on behalf of the Band of Hope and the Visiting Firemen, I extend him a cautious welcome and hope that others of his circle may show the same tardy realisation that England, with all her faults, is still a refuge from tyranny and malignancy, even to her enemies.

The Heroic Funk. I repeat, though the remark has been adversely criticised as lacking originality, that I am incapable of surprise in this war. It is complete topsy-turvy. Nothing is—as Macbeth or Othello, I forget which, observed—but what is not. Take the position of the pacifist. I am reminded of it by the recent experiences of a young man of my acquaintance. He professed himself a pacifist, and was quite sincere about it. While he believed implicitly in the justice of our cause and deeply hated Nazi-ism, he was quite firm on the point that he would not "shed blood" or contribute to the shedding of it. It was no use arguing with him about his logic, because most pacifists are aware, if they are honest with themselves, that they can't really be logical; and it is dangerous and self-righteous to suggest to the pacifist—what is, however, often the fact—that his high-sounding humanitarianism is merely a cloak for lack of guts. It would have been dangerous in this case, anyhow; for this young man is to-day doing work which I, for one, fear I might not have the courage or the endurance to undertake. He goes through *Blitz* after *Blitz*, helping, ministering, rescuing, every moment in danger of his life; and he has supped full of horrors, and comes out of them with a character which I admire and envy. Heaven knows I do not say this in defence of pacifism, which I have always thought totally untenable; but what a funny old war it is when the "funks" are the heroes! I rather think that that word "hero" is going to pass out of the language after this war. It hasn't much point when either everybody or nobody is entitled to it!

"This is Mr. Clarence D'Arcy, one of our new recruits. You may remember he wrote that book called 'The Army is Run by Half-Wits.'"

DRAWN BY FARM.

Joseph and His Brethren. May I offer respectful congratulation to Uncle Joe on his appointment as Prime Minister—a high honour, even if self-conferred. I don't know what he is after, though I suspect it is something rather sinister; but it is always pleasing to see merit recognised after long neglect. Joe has been kept down too long; everybody else has had offices and portfolios and all sorts of pickings, and Joe has never bagged anything except an obscure Secretaryship—and except, of course, power of life and death over millions of

mortals. While I congratulate Joseph, I am a little nervous about Comrade Molotov. I have always wondered when they would begin to liquidate him, and it looks as if the process had begun. Surely it is time, anyhow, for another purge? There haven't been any trials and confessions for a long time, and the Comrades must be getting restless without their accustomed entertainment—mere world-war is so dull! Now, if Joe wants to keep the people really happy, why does he not put on a star turn and indict, try, sentence, and liquidate himself? I suggest that this is his chance of showing himself a true patriot. *Pravda* please copy.

Everlasting Boots. Since astrology seems to be very popular at present (except at Berchtesgaden), I have decided to take it up and already I have obtained some remarkable results. A few weeks ago, having carefully consulted my charts, I warned you that the conjunction of certain planets (particularly the apposition of Saturn to Uranus in Scorpio) indicated that there would soon be a shortage of leather; and I advised you, absolutely free of charge, to economise with boots and shoes. I am happy to see that you may be assisted in this laudable effort by a recent invention which may, unlike many inventions, truly be said to supply a long-felt want. Some ingenious person has found, and has actually disposed of to the Ministry of Supply, a means of lengthening the life of leather, which up to the present time has been a short one without being a gay one. The saving is enormous—in the Army alone it will be worth nearly half a million a year. Careful calculation has shown that if you can add only a week to the time that a soldier can wear a pair of boots before they need repair, the annual saving will be £20 per hundred men. This inventor is undoubtedly a benefactor, though I question whether he will be so regarded in the boot and shoe trade. I hope civilians as well as the military will be able to share his boon and blessing.

Sweetness and Light. No inventor, I fear, is likely to find a method of lengthening the life of sugar—another commodity in which my charts foretell an increasing shortage. Sugar has an unfortunate habit of wearing out very rapidly, though it is said to be converted, in process of attrition, into energy, which cannot possibly be said of leather. On the other hand, I never heard of anybody actually craving for leather, whereas there are certain unfortunate, degraded persons who suffer from a periodical, morbid craving for sugar. To this unhappy class, though I confess it with shame, I happen to have belonged from an early age, and I think the taint must be hereditary, because I notice that my own children would, if left to their own choice, apparently subsist entirely on lollipops of the most virulent kind. My own considered judgment, therefore, is that you can strip me of leather and I will, if necessary, go barefoot, but I *should* like a chocolate or a bull's-eye now and then. But how can I come by them? I see that the other day a twopenny bar of chocolate sold for 38s., for the benefit of the Red Cross. I can't afford chocolate at that price, not even for such a worthy cause. I cannot steal sweets from babies, partly because it is against my principles, but chiefly because the babies haven't got any. I can therefore only throw myself on private charity, reminding all readers of "Motley Notes" that chocolates are absolutely essential to the maintenance of my energy. Parcels addressed c/o *The Sketch* will be forwarded—at least, I hope so.

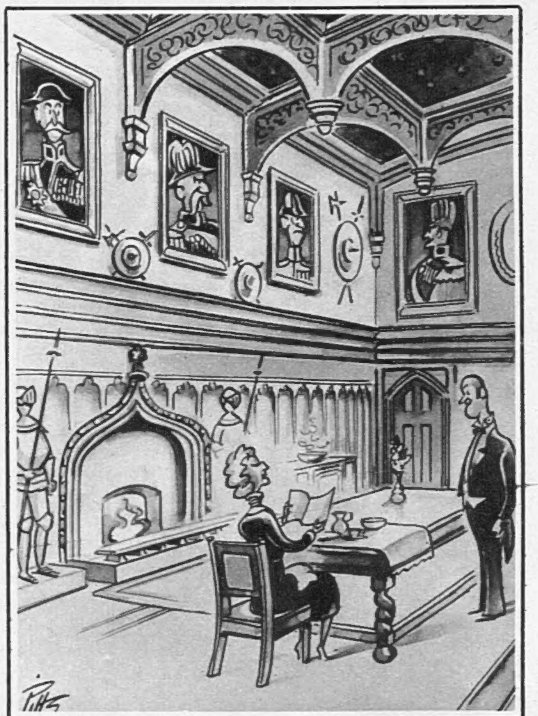
"'E's just 'eart-lazy—just look at 'is 'ands, Sir. They're as soft as mine!"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

It's a Way They Have in the Air Force.

Ours is a remarkable language, and there seems to be no limit to its beauties. What would you make of the following if suddenly called on to translate it? "Old Stinker has just had a shaky do and nearly went for a Burton. He pranged a Daffy Kerdumpf and the Groupie tore a strip off him. Next day he had a sprog drone with him in a Wimpie, and the silly binder got a choke in his spout and the flit commode took umbrage. Not so tickety boo, what? Poor old Stinker's just about browned off and has definitely joined the Jabo Club." I am told, but I do not vouch for it, that this means, in R.A.F. diction: "Old Stinker has just had a narrow squeak and nearly killed himself. He made a bad landing and injured a Defiant, and the Group Commander told him off. Next day he had a recruit air-gunner, and the silly nuisance got a choke in his gun-barrel and the Flight Commander was annoyed. Not quite perfect, eh? Poor old Stinker is feeling disgruntled and has become a grouser." I repeat I don't vouch for it, being merely an earth-bound civilian, and I should not be surprised if members of the R.A.F. wrote and told me that I had got it all wrong. But it is, I believe, something like that, and it seems to be a picturesque type of the new dialects which a war always produces.

Passion by Proxy. A more conventional, but an equally expressive, type of diction is used by an American doughboy who has discovered a new and profitable profession. At least, not quite new, for I suppose that the professional letter-writer has actively plied his trade in ages less enlightened than ours and is still well known in the Orient. I dare say, too, that the love-letter has always been one of his most valuable sidelines. Anyhow, this literary American soldier finds his romantic gifts in great demand among his comrades, and boasts of achieving at least one happy union per week. What disappoints me a little about his technique is its lack of subtlety. It is disillusioning to find that he relies on one simple principle, which he describes in four crude words as: "Lay it on thick." He affirms that the opening gambits, "My darling dearest" and "Dearest sweetheart of mine," seldom fail, and that the passionate "Yours for ever and ever" is far more effective than anything suggesting the least spirit of levity, such as "Yours to a cinder" or "Yours till hell freezes." Well, well, I had supposed that the modern girl needed a snappier style than this, and that, except in matters of complexion, she was too sophisticated for the age-old "Lay it on thick." Or can it be that the feminine heart has not changed throughout the ages? It may well be so—and perhaps, on the whole, it is better so!



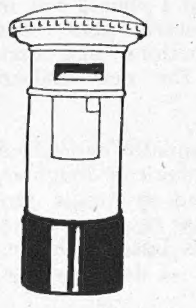
"Good news from his lordship, Briscoe. He's been promoted to lance-corporal."

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Dog's Delight. I grieve to see that Lord Halifax has shrunk from a hot dog. He is reported to have asked: "What's inside it?" Now, this is not the sort of tact which we expect of our diplomatic representatives. It is, indeed, the one question which must not be asked about a hot dog or any other form of sausage. The proper way to treat a hot dog is to shut your eyes, bite and pray for strength. Lord Halifax will learn in time.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We have got a Scots regiment here now. This is a big thrill for the soft Southerners. We all expected something very rough and tough, so you can imagine, Robert, that I was considerably shaken this morning when I found one on the Cliff Path making daisy-chains.

When I told Lady B., who is rather Scots herself, she said something about the velvet glove, and that only really terrific people like Scots soldiers and Mr. Churchill can afford to be seen making daisy-chains these days.

We now hear what I think is called the skirling of the pipes, which throws all those with a drop of Scots blood in their veins into a sort of ecstasy. The rest of us think it is the siren.

" Making daisy-chains."

The inhabitants have taken the Scotsmen straight to their hearts, but as nobody can understand what they say, and they can't understand what we say, conversation is carried on mostly by signs. This morning, when I came in from the daily struggle for food in the Street, Matins came to me looking worried and said there was a foreigner who kept ringing up on the 'phone, and she couldn't make head or tail of it, and would I come, please ?

When I put the receiver to my ear I must say it sounded like a foreign tongue, but after a time it dawned on me that it was one of the Soldiery, but what he was saying I had no idea.

" Do you want a doctor ? " I said, for that was the best reason I could think of for the call.

There was a long, patient and quite unintelligible explanation.

" I'm afraid he isn't here," I said.

This provoked an exclamation of exasperation which is much the same in any language, and he rang off. A few minutes later the telephone rang again. I picked up the receiver rather nervously, for I felt sure that the M.O. was away, as they so often seem to be, and that the life of at least one brave Scotsman might depend on whether I understood the message or not.

" Is that twa-thray-fife ? "

" Yes, yes ! " I cried joyfully, for I recognised our telephone number, and that, surely, was a good beginning.

The same entirely unintelligible monologue took place.

" *What ?* "

" Can you no hear me ? " This was plaintive but patient.

" I can hear you, but I can't understand you. At least, I can't understand most of it. I understood the bit when you said 'Can't you hear me ? ' or, rather, ' Can you no hear me ? ', but I lost the rest, I 'm afraid."

" Hoots, woman ! Now, listen."

" Perhaps if you spoke a bit slower——"

This time the message was spelt out letter by letter at what the B.B.C. calls dictation speed, and I learnt, to my astonishment, that it was for the Fighter Patrol.

" But we 're not the Fighter Patrol."

" Are ye no twa-thray-fife ? "

" Yes, we are, but——"

" That is the number I have here on the paper."

" But it 's not the Fighter Patrol, I assure you. Anything but. As a matter of fact, it 's a doctor's house."

" It 's the number I have here on the paper." (No daisy-chains about this tone of voice.)

" This is not Fighter Patrol."

We parted, floundering in a sea of misunderstanding, and I rang up the Exchange and asked to be put in touch with Headquarters. The Exchange, in a cool, detached voice, said she would put me through to Enquiries. That meant the Cathedral Town and a long wait. I looked at my watch. Half the morning gone, and so much to be done ! Enquiries said she didn't know the number, but would make Enquiries. She then, apparently, rang up Scotland, while I held the line, and the Exchange asked several times whether I had finished. Then Enquiries came back and said that she had the number, but added coyly that she was not allowed to tell me what it was. After a little persuasion she put me through, and I had another perfectly unintelligible conversation with another Scotsman. When I put the receiver back, the handle was quite wet, and Matins came in and said reproachfully that the Wash had called, and she 'd had to send him away again.

Before I was half-way up the stairs the telephone rang again. I flew back into the hall. " No, no ! " I cried wildly. " This is *not* the Fighter Patrol ! "

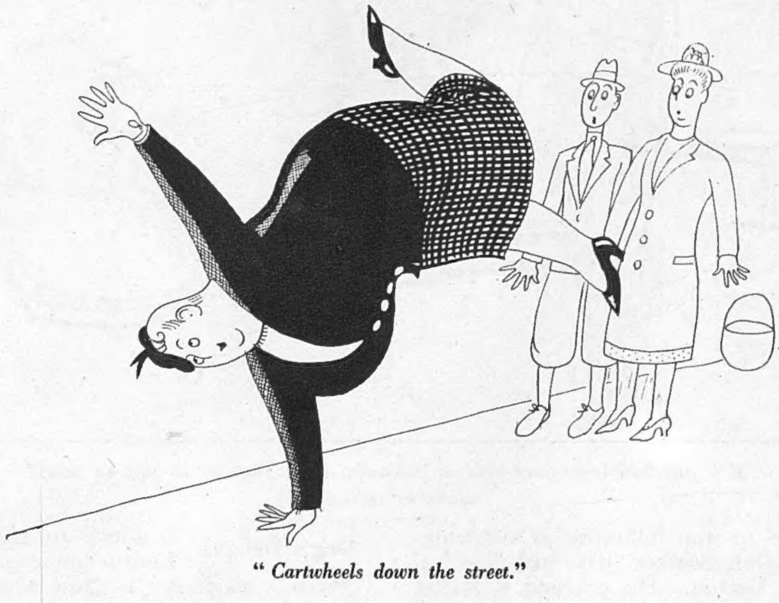
" What are you talking about ? " said Charles's voice. " I only wanted to say I would be half an hour late for lunch."

When I heard about Rudolf Hess on the eight o'clock news I had to wake Charles up and tell him about it, even though he had been out half the night. " Very unbalanced fellers, all of them," he said, without opening his eyes. I wonder whether I shall live to see the day when Charles is excited and surprised about something.

The Conductor has made up a poem which ends,

" I couldn't care less,"
Said Herr Rudolf Hess,"

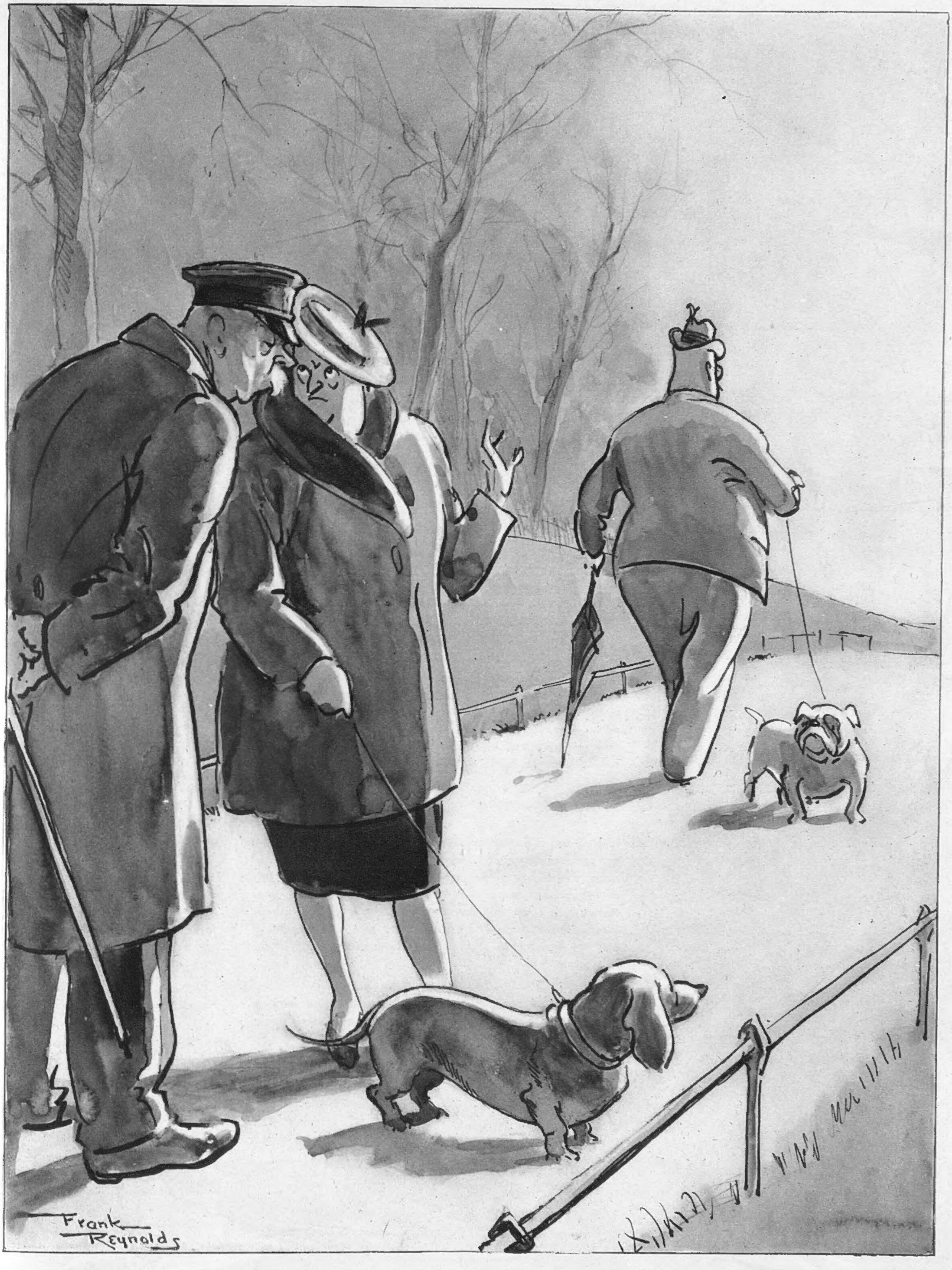
but he can't think of the beginning.



" Cartwheels down the street."

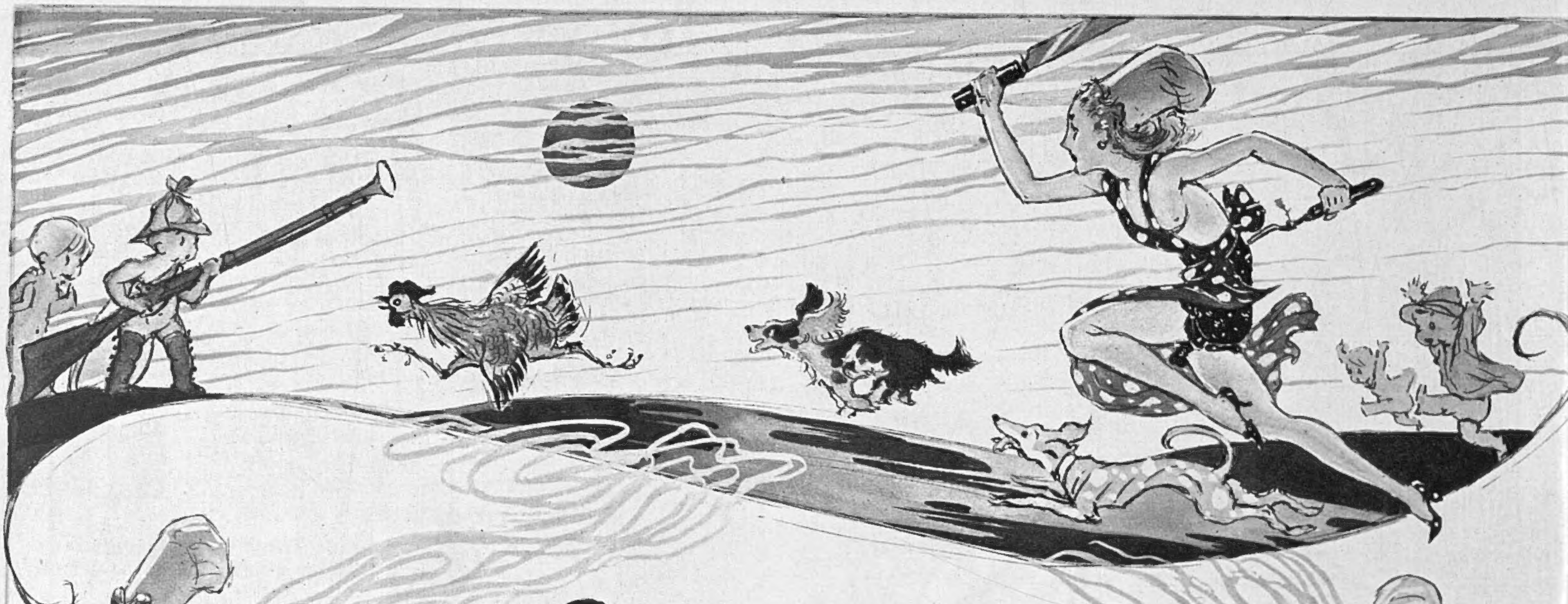
Lady B. says that when the war is over she is going to turn cartwheels down the street.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



"YOU SHOULD KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MAN, THE BULLDOG'S NOTHING TO GO BY!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



POULE AU RIZ.

Boil a medium-sized fowl until tender and cut into requisite number of pieces.

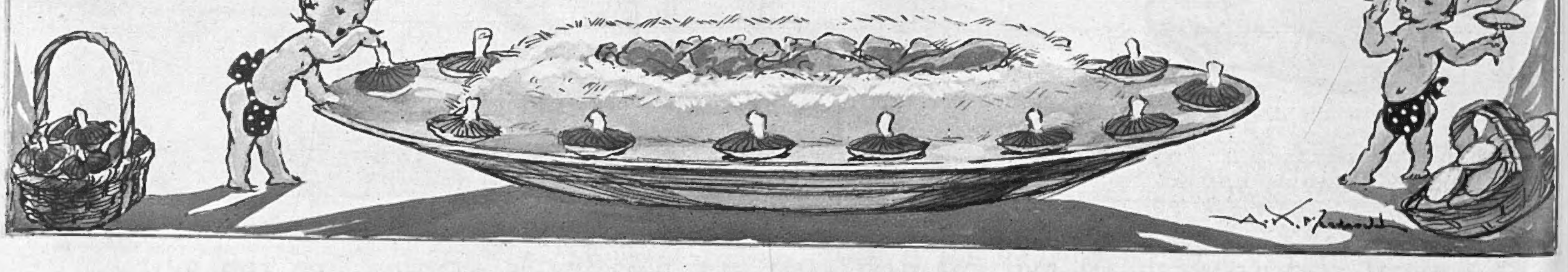
Fry a teacupful of rice (Patna is the best) in one and a-half oz. of margarine until all the fat has been absorbed. Pour over two and a-half teacupfuls of the chicken stock lightly salted, bring to the boil and transfer into a fireproof dish. Lay the pieces of chicken on the rice, place in a moderate oven and leave from twenty to twenty-five minutes or until all the liquid has disappeared.

Meanwhile, prepare the following sauce:

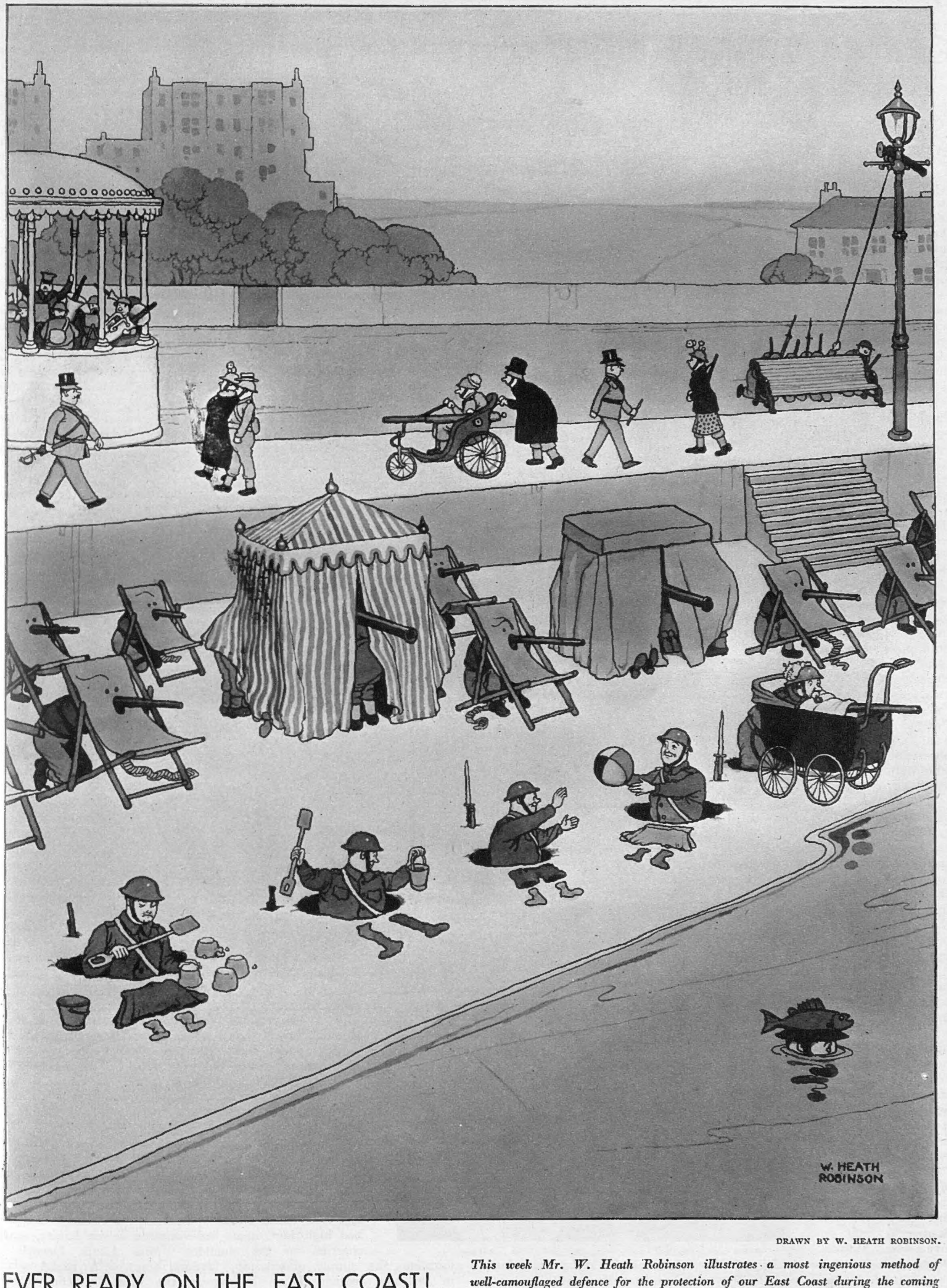
Melt two dessertspoonfuls of margarine, remove from the fire and mix in two level dessertspoonfuls of flour until the consistency is that of a smooth paste. Then add two teacupfuls of the chicken stock and bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Keep hot over a saucepan of boiling water. (If you wish to make this sauce extra rich, add the yolk of one egg mixed with a tablespoonful of creamy milk at the last minute.)

Cook some small mushrooms or tomatoes and arrange round the chicken. Pour over the sauce and serve immediately.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 5. POULE AU RIZ.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

EVER READY ON THE EAST COAST!

This week Mr. W. Heath Robinson illustrates a most ingenious method of well-camouflaged defence for the protection of our East Coast during the coming summer months, when the danger of invasion must never be forgotten.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

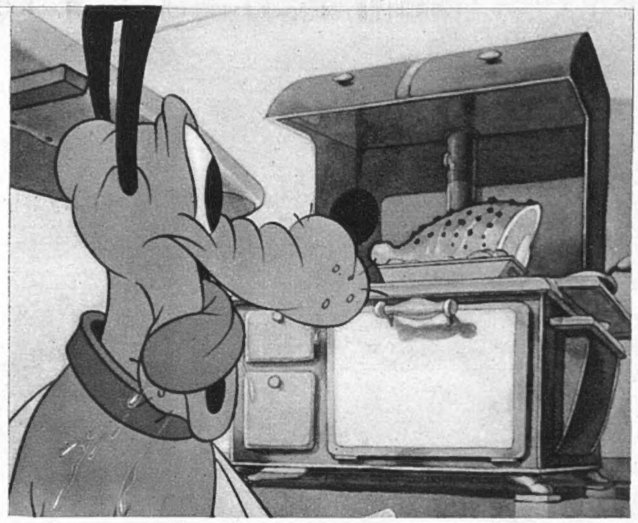
By C. A. LEJEUNE.

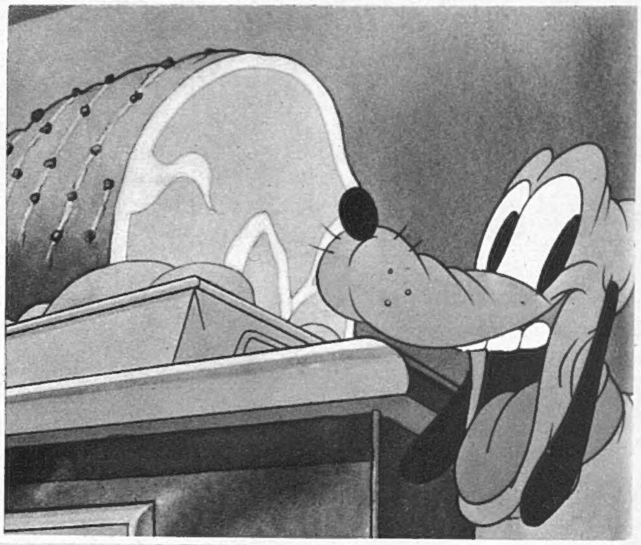
"THE LADY EVE" (Plaza) has all the stamp of the classic screen comedy. It is smooth, it is subtle, it is mature and full of worldly wisdom. It has, too, the harmony of a one-man composition, for Mr. Preston Sturges, who believes he can get the best effects that way, both wrote the script and directed the picture. It proves that those other earlier films of his, "Down Went McGinty" and "Christmas in July," were no mere flashes in the pan, but evidence that a keen, fresh brain is now operating in pictures. Mr. Sturges isn't new to the screen. He has been writing scripts for years, but only recently turned his attention to directing.

"The Lady Eve" is guaranteed to hold an audience from the opening title. That opening title, by the way, deserves a special mention for astuteness. It shows a snake squirming slowly down the trunk of an apple-tree. Beside it flash the names of the technical experts responsible for the picture. When the snake reaches the bottom of the tree, it pauses for a moment, then crawls, with the greatest deliberation, through the "o" in Preston Sturges. He would be an unobservant spectator who didn't spot at least *that* name.

The film is a delicate satire on the gullibility of the rich and simple-minded, the people who have never lived by their wits because they have had so many other advantages to live by. The hero (Henry Fonda) is an amiable young chump returning from a year's trip up the Amazon. His father has made his fortune in ale, but "Hopsie" doesn't care much for ale, bottled, canned, on draught or any other way. He is a zoologist by choice, and a dupe by nature; and when he meets a gang of card-sharps on a South American liner, it's just natural that he should fall straight into their hands.

With the perversity of women, however, the beautiful siren of the gang (Barbara Stanwyck) falls in love with Hopsie. When he finds out her trade, and leaves her flat, she still pursues him. Pretending to be her own sister, the Lady Eve from England ("They say she came over on a submarine"), she follows him home and wins him, after a whirlwind courtship. On the honeymoon train she has her revenge. This *racontage* of past loves, this appalling catalogue of whoppers, is the neatest thing of the kind since Lubitsch and Chevalier made "The Love Parade."





Except for what he can scrounge, a dog is always rationed. The new Disney Technicolor "Pantry Pirate" features friend PLUTO *in a wild, passionate effort to evade the home rationing laws. Sitting quiet in his kennel, tied up by the cook with a "Now be a good dog!" Pluto's urgent nose suddenly scents the dinner burning. It is too much for his self-control, and wrenching himself off the chain he rushes to the kitchen, where on top of the gas stove stands a richly succulent joint of roast pork. The rest of the story is simple, and a little sad in its finale, but full of the mad adventure and subtle touches we expect from the Master of the Screen Cartoon.*

"The Lady Eve" is full of good things, both decorous and not so much so, but undoubtedly one of its most outstanding assets is the skill that has gone into the casting. Not everyone would have thought of playing Barbara Stanwyck and the solemn, slow-spoken Henry Fonda in what amounts, frequently, to slapstick comedy. But Preston Sturges has always gone out of the rut for his types. In "Down Went McGinty" he made a hero of Brian Donlevy, the traditional "heavy." In "Christmas in July" he made a manly everyman, without a pipe in him, out of crooner Dick Powell. In "The Lady Eve" he flouts tradition by dressing up Henry Fonda, who has played so many hayseed parts that you can almost pick the straws out of his hair, in what P. G. Wodehouse would call the soup-and-fish, and he could hardly have done better. Sturges himself holds that he can get effective results from actors by these shock tactics, and events have certainly proved him to be right.

I'm afraid this off-type casting hasn't been quite so successful in the case of our own "KIPPS" (Gaumont). Frankly, I can't see why they bothered to re-film "Kipps" at all, considering what a slender story it has, and how closely it is woven into the texture of Edwardian literary biography. But if they had to do it, it beats me why they cast the tall, cultivated Michael Redgrave as Wells's commonplace little draper's assistant. Mr. Redgrave is a conscientious, and in the right part, a fine actor, but I couldn't help feeling this was asking too much of him. At all events, he never managed to persuade me for a minute that he was anybody's dupe. Just a little effort, I felt, and he could have thrown off the whole pack of Kipps's spongers, flatterers and monitors. And this is a pity, because the whole essence of "Kipps" is that the man is a "simple soul," as Mr. Wells puts it, a natural mug, a little man with a big inferiority complex.

Everyone preys on Kipps's simplicity. As an orphan boy, he is apprenticed to an old-fashioned draper's store in Folkestone. He is at everybody's beck and call, always on the run. As a young man, he is still the slave of the store régime. Mr. Kipps here—Mr. Kipps there. Where is Mr. Kipps? Why isn't Mr. Kipps?

Struggling to "better" himself, he falls into the hands of a group of self-helpers who run a local technical institute. Here he meets and adores the beautiful Helen Walshingham (Diana Wynyard), instructress in the wood-carving class. His dreams of winning her seem to come true when he inherits an unexpected fortune from his grandfather. The Walshinghams and their self-help friend, Chester Coote (Max Adrian), take him up. They "educate" him in dress and speech. They change his absurd name to Cuyps. They take him to anagram teas. But they also embezzle his money. And in the end it's a sadder and wiser Kipps who comes back to the friend of his childhood, Ann Pornick.

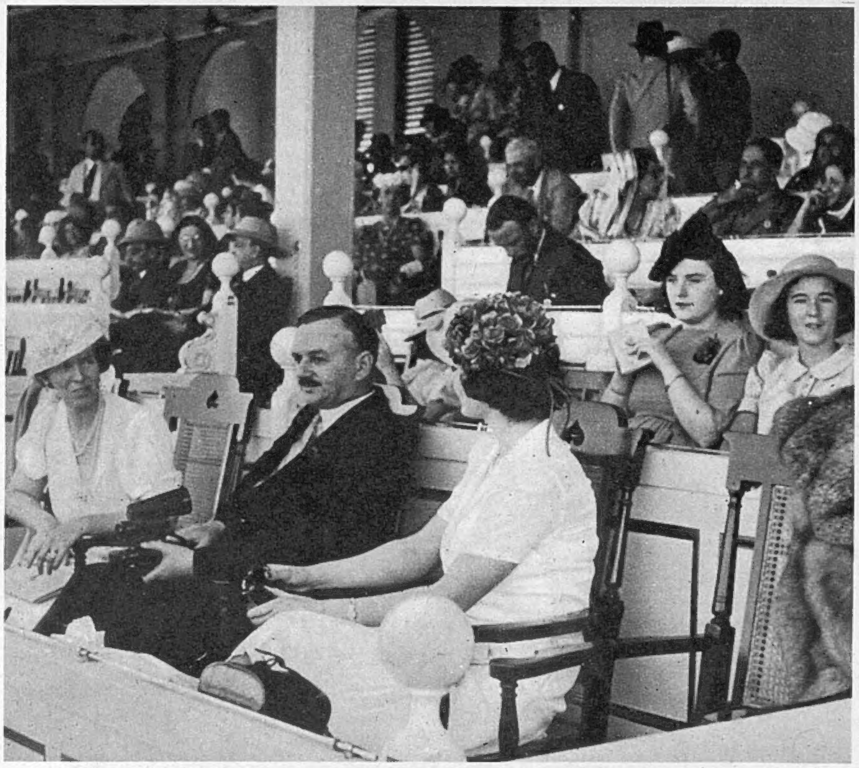
It is Ann's part, beautifully and simply played by Miss Phyllis Calvert, that gives the film its freshest moments; that, and a certain nicety in the period handling of the store scenes, billowing with calico and stiff with muslin. The character parts seemed to me a bit overplayed, and I don't think that Carol Reed, a fine director of serious films, is quite at his best in the handling of comedy.

There is comedy in "CHAD HANNA" (Odeon), too, but it is mainly subordinate to the problems of circus life. The film is in Technicolor, which gives an opportunity for a symbolic costume-contrast between virtue and vice. Miss Dorothy Lamour, as Albany, the bold, bad high-rider, wears red—crimson velvet habits, scarlet cherries on the shoulder. Miss Linda Darnell, as Caroline, the simple understudy, favours blue, with pastel shades in bedroom wear. Henry Fonda, as the farm-boy who becomes ring-master, wavers uncertainly between the two charmers. The details of the "big top" are nicely done, and the film, while no world-beater, should please the people who like a parade and all the *trivia* of life along the road.

WIDOW OF A HERO.

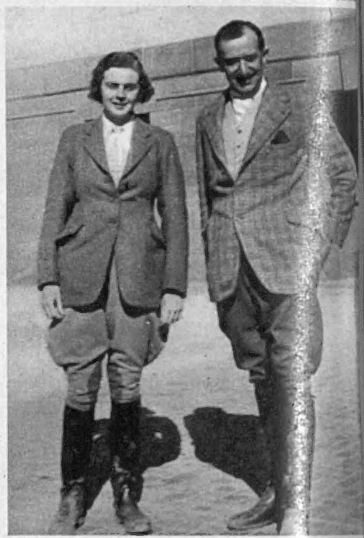
THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE *is the widow of the twentieth Earl, who was killed in a recent air raid. He was sent to Paris as liaison officer between the French and British Governments, and when the French collapse occurred, on his own initiative he seized a precious consignment of a valuable chemical from Norway and flew it, together with a quantity of diamonds, to England. After that he was employed at the Ministry of Supply, and took on the dangerous work of destroying unexploded bombs. Lady Suffolk, who was Miss Mimi Crawford, the actress, is the daughter of the late Mr. Alfred George Forde-Pigott. She has three sons, born in 1935, 1936 and 1940.* MICHAEL, *formerly known as Viscount Andover (r.), succeeds to the title.*

WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS, SOCIA



H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY *and* LADY LUMLEY *(left) and the* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *went to the Bombay races on Eclipse Stakes Day. Behind are two of the daughters of the Governor of Madras, Captain the Hon. Sir Arthur Hope.*

COUNTESS CADOGAN, *wife of Earl Cadogan and sister of Lord Churston, is seen in her box at the Bombay races on Eclipse Stakes Day.*



MISS MYRTLE LEDGERWOOD *and* LIEUT.-COLONEL E. R. PAGE *attended the opening meet of the Delhi Hunt. The Delhi Hunt as at present constituted was started in 1926. Jackal are hunted.*

"P.T." is an important part of the training of A.T.S. *girls. Here they are enjoying a tug-of-war and pulling their full weight for their side with might and main.*

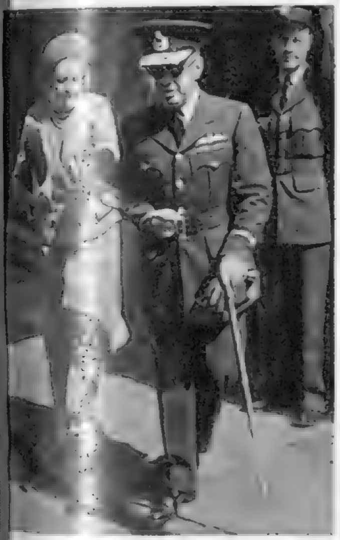
This is the new SHIRLEY TEMPLE. *Gone are the golden curls which bobbed round the face of the star of "Little Miss Marker," "Little Colonel," and so forth. Her wavy hair, now a glossy brown, is brushed back.*

VENTS AND NOTABLE PERSONALITIES.

MISS RUTH MARGARET HUNT, *eldest daughter of the Rev. Oswald Hunt, is engaged to Capt. J. E. G. Wormald, 12th Royal Lancers.*

MISS PRUDENCE ELIZABETH DANIEL *is engaged to Major Ronald T. Stanyforth, 17th/21st Lancers, Comptroller to the Duke of Gloucester.*

C. B. COCHRAN, SARAH CHURCHILL, LESLIE MITCHELL, VALERIE HOBSON *and* MARGARETTA SCOTT *(l. to r.) attended the last performance of the popular radio show "Hi, Gang!" It will be on the air again in the autumn.*



AIR COMMODORE P. HUSKINSON, *Director of Armament Development, and one of Lord Beaverbrook's "Boys in the back rooms" of the aircraft industry, was temporarily blinded. He is now able to leave his nursing-home. He is with* MRS. HUSKINSON.

When MISS PATRICIA ANNE WHITEHEAD, *daughter of Mr. J. Whitehead, married* MR. JOHN NORRIS, *a well-known farmer, the celebrations were of a suitably rustic character.*

The marriage of LIEUT. MICHAEL UNIACKE, R.A., *youngest son of Major and Mrs. C. D. W. Uniacke, to* MISS JOAN WADE, *only daughter of Major G. B. Wade, took place at All Saints', Banstead.*

Two X-ray trailer units, a gift from New Hampshire, U.S.A., were presented to the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisations by MRS. WINANT, *who is here talking to* LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS SPLENDID AFRICAN—*for nailing his colours to the torso, and finding the Union Jack the only wear for a free man.*

MR. THOMAS ALDERSON—*for being the first man to receive the George Cross from the King.*

Economist PROFESSOR KEYNES *(seen with his wife)—for crossing the Atlantic by Clipper to warn the U.S.A. against a light-fingered Dictator.*

U.S.A. lawn tennis champion DONALD BUDGE *and his fiancée,* MISS DEIRDRE CONSELMAN *—for their doubles match, now standing at "Love-all."*

ONCE before we "hatted" MR. THOMAS ALDERSON, of Bridlington, when he was awarded the first George Cross for "sustained gallantry, enterprise and devotion to duty during enemy air raids," as detachment leader of rescue parties. Now that he has received this—the first "civilian V.C."—from the King's hands, we do it again.

THE AFRICAN of the Middle East shown in our photograph has very decided views on his loyalty to British rule. He has made himself a suit of Union Jacks, nailing his colours to the mast—or rather, himself—in a way which could hardly be described as under-statement!

PROFESSOR J. M. KEYNES, distinguished British economist and adviser to the Bank of England, on arrival in America by Atlantic Clipper with his wife (Russian dancer Lydia Lopokova), warned the United States that its economy "could not function at all on the present basis" if Adolf Hitler wins the war.

DONALD BUDGE, U.S.A. lawn tennis champion, has become engaged to MISS DEIRDRE CONSELMAN. His eighteen-year-old bride-to-be is a daughter of the late William Conselman, film writer and cartoonist. They will be married in Chicago some time in June.

LORD ASTOR (whose wife is M.P. for the Sutton Division of Plymouth) is said to be a regular diner-out at a Plymouth Communal Feeding Centre, where he can get an excellent meal for 9d. Rationing restrictions being what they are, it is quite possible he may be feeding better there than he would have done at home! Anyhow, he gives a lead to a greater use of these restaurants by everyone.

THE speaker at a Youth Meeting held at Twickenham in connection with the local War Weapons Week was First Lord of the Admiralty the RT. HON. A. V. ALEXANDER, P.C. He was greatly taken with the strength and beauty of "Queenie," the champion bulldog who led the naval part of the procession.

THE first "Waaf" to be awarded the M.B.E. (Military Division) is FLIGHT OFFICER FELICITY HANBURY, W.A.A.F., who gained her decoration "for distinguished services in operational commands of the R.A.F." Her portrait by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., is in this year's Royal Academy.

LORD ASTOR—*for getting a better meal for 9d. in a communal feeding centre than he might perhaps have had at home!*

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, *First Lord of the Admiralty—for turning a War Weapons Week occasion into a champion petting party.*

FLIGHT OFFICER FELICITY HANBURY—*for being the first "Waaf" to be decorated with the M.B.E. (Military Division).*

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

IN THE CAVALRY—NOW. NO. 1.

Artist Sherriffs is in the Army now, and in his spare time has been jotting down impressions of fellow-soldiers in the Royal Armoured Corps, which takes the place of cavalry in modern warfare.

TAKING A FIRE-FIGHTING DEGREE AT OXFORD

A roof crawl at fire-fighting practice by two undergraduates of Balliol.

Right: Other Oxford men climbed the towers for wagers—to-day the A.F.S. scale them for rescue practice.

Running towards an imaginary outbreak of f[illegible] an undergraduate A.F.S. squad in Balliol Coll[illegible]

In to study and out to fire practice: a group of present-day Oxford undergraduates.

Right: Oxford undergraduate, 1941: a picturesque study of a Dark Blue fire-fighter.

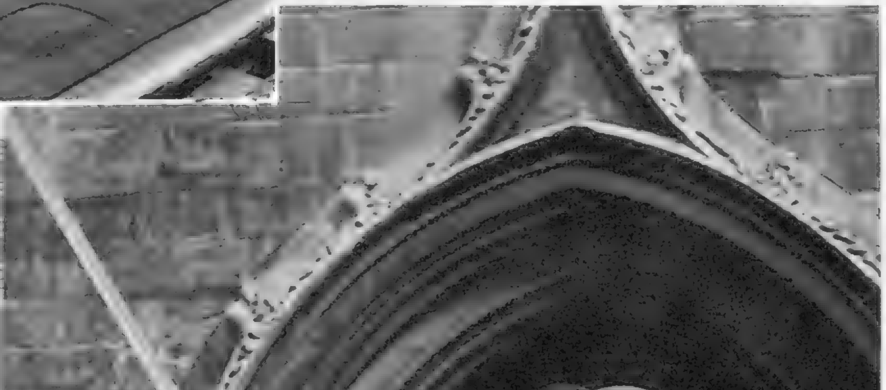
The wartime life of an Oxford undergraduate is a very different affair from his peacetime existence, for fire-fighting and fire-watching are essential occupations for every young University man to-day. The ancient buildings are patrolled by the Colleges' own A.F.S., composed of undergraduates who have frequent fire practice, and learn to direct their hoses with skill at imaginary fires, and to scale the towers and dreaming spires of Oxford in order to carry out

UNDERGRADUATE A.F.S. AMID THE DREAMING SPIRES.

Daring rescue rehearsal by a trio of undergraduate fire-fighters.

Hose-practice at Balliol by the University A.F.S. men.

Left: A dangerous exercise. One of the A.F.S. undergraduates making a perilous descent down one of the towers.



Intent on hose-practice outside an historic doorway in Balliol College.

Left: Undergraduates learning the important art of fixing hoses.

laring practice rescues. Our photographs show life at Balliol College, where nearly every undergraduate belongs to some A.R.P. service, to the O.T.C., or Home Guard. The College will be protected by students even during the vacation, for volunteers have come forward to remain on the premises instead of going home. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.)

CASTING AND MOULDING A
AND M

The TORSO MODEL is made of heavy plaster on a burlap foundation and takes about thirty minutes to harden. Oiled paper protects the skin.

SOFT PLASTER is dropped on the model's face after straws have been inserted in her nostrils and mouth to allow her to breathe.

THE LIVING MODEL and the MANIKIN posed side by side. The manikin has been made more streamlined than the model, as slight exaggeration is required.

THESE photographs illustrate some of the steps by which Manikin Helen was cast and moulded from Model Helen Johnson, a beautiful American girl. The Greneker Manikin Studios were in search of a super-special female for a new master-mould, and as soon as Miss Helen Johnson came in, Peter, the sculptor, nodded and Lillian Greneker, the manikin-designer, did the same. No two Greneker manikins are exactly alike. Each has a hand-painted face

[Continued opposite.

Right: THE LIVING MODEL *and the* MANIKIN *standing side by side without their dresses. Note the manikin's unnatural length of limb from waist to foot.*

GIRL IN PLASTER: MODEL HELEN N HELEN.

THICK LAYERS *make this mess of the model's face! Olive oil was first smeared over her features, with fat on the eyelashes to prevent sticking.*

AFTER TEN MINUTES *the plaster is dry. It is deftly removed from the face. One small piece, which has broken off, still clings to the cheek at the side.*

LIVING MODEL HELEN *and* MANIKIN HELEN *side by side. Manikin has a hand-painted face and a flexible midriff.*

Continued.]

and individualised wig. Legs are always sawed and elongated after being cast, for no woman has the exaggerated waist-to-foot measurements required in manikins. The process of having your manikin cast from you cannot be pleasant, but the skin is carefully protected by olive oil, and eyelashes are greased to prevent sticking, while breath can be drawn through the straws stuck into mouth and nostrils.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER SANDERS FROM BLACK STAR.

Left: Can you spot THE LIVING MODEL *in the row of seven beauties for shop-window fashion display? You will find her second from the right.*

UNKNOWN TO THE COLLEGE OF ARMS:

The SWASTIKA-SMASHING KITTEN *is the device of a Flight Lieutenant who had won the D.F.C. He started the war in the 'plane which he was still flying when this photograph was taken.*

Many of our aircraft carry crests and mottoes unknown to the College of Arms, devised by the pilots and unofficially adopted. The WINGED LEMON *on a Wellington bomber which has been operating out East has the motto "Let us purge the blue skies." The key to the significance of the various emblems lies in the names of the members of the crew.*

Right: This STORK "BADGE" *is painted on the nose of a Lockheed Hudson aircraft of the Coastal Command. The stork has a grandly purposeful air, and carries a burden more lethal than usual!*

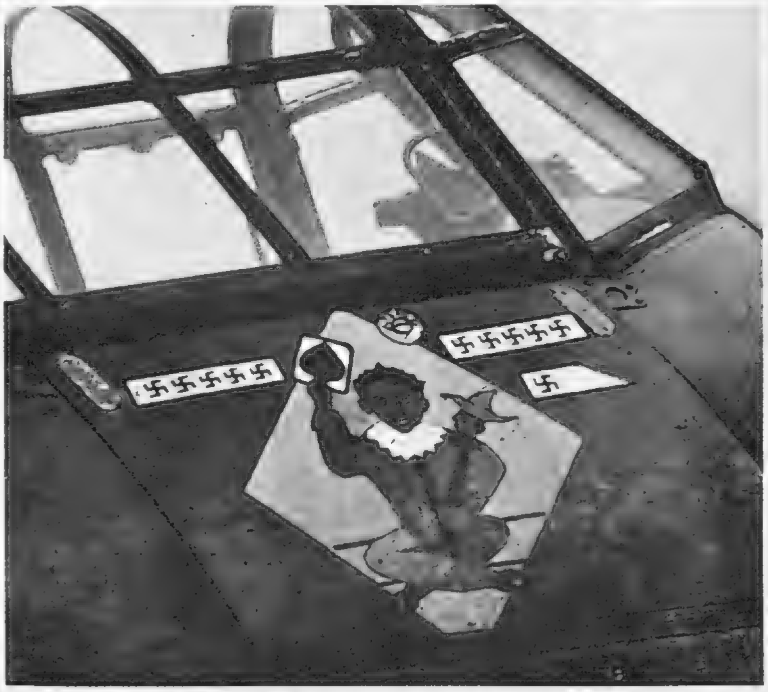
The CLOWN *on the nose of this heavy bomber has flown over enemy territory many times. His gesture and his expression are speaking indications of what he thinks of the Nazi.*

The pilot of this machine, who is seen doing some field repairs, chose a JOLLY ROGER, *complete with* DEATH'S-HEAD AND CROSS-BONES, *for his device.*

The crest on this Wellington bomber features A CIVILIAN *upright, ready to throw the dice for life or death against the* SKELETON. [redacted]

THE R.A.F.'S OWN MERRY HERALDRY.

A SWIFTLY-MOVING WALT DISNEY CREATURE *decorates the 'plane in which this Hurricane pilot shot down three Italian aircraft during the naval bombardment of Bardia and Fort Capuzzo.*



A tally of swastikas beside the jolly KNAVE OF SPADES *on this British fighter records the number of enemy machines for which the pilot has accounted.*

This strange beast is the OZARD OF WHIZ, *adopted as unofficial crest of one of our heavy bomber squadrons and painted on all their aircraft. This is the Squadron Leader.*

The heavy bomber whose crew are seen ready to start on a raid bears a mascot which resembles FATHER CHRISTMAS, *but his " gifts " are not all that friendly!*

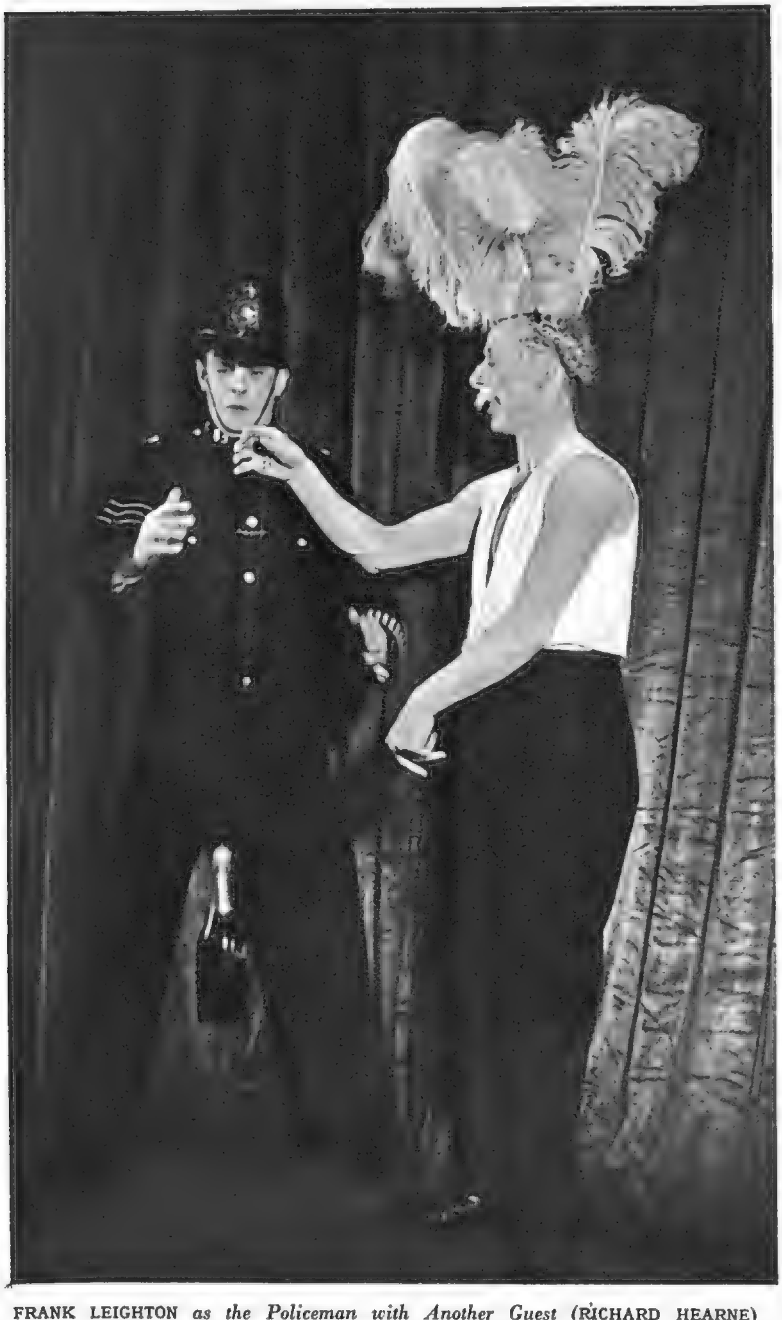
The Canadian Squadron led by SQUADRON LEADER BADER *(centre), famous legless D.S.O., D.F.C., has* HITLER GETTING THE BOOT *as its crest.* FLIGHT LIEUT. BALL, D.F.C., *and* PILOT OFFICER KNIGHT, D.F.C., *are left and right.*

This amusing black-and-white drawing of the IRON DUKE EXPRESSING HIS VIEWS OF THE NAZIS *decorates a Wellington bomber which constantly flies over enemy territory.*

ARTHUR RISCOE *(left)* and BOBBY HOWES *as guests in a night-club in "Seeing Life," one of the scenes of "Shephard's Pie."*

"Will you keep that date in Piccadilly Circus?" ANN COVENTRY *and* FRANK LEIGHTON, *with the chorus.*

"LES GIRLS," *the charming dancers who appear in these feathers, spangles and mittens in the "Seeing Life" scene.*



FRANK LEIGHTON *as the Policeman with Another Guest* (RICHARD HEARNE) *fishing for champagne in "Seeing Life."*

"Evacuees": VERA PEARCE, RICHARD HEARNE, JACK LEOPOLD, BOBBY HOWES, ARTHUR RISCOE *and* ROB CURRIE *(l. to r.).*

"SHEPHARD'S PIE"—UNRATIONED!—COMES BACK TO THE PRINCES THEATRE.

"SEEING LIFE," *the night-club scene from "Wild Oats," is one of the most amusing items in the programme.*

VERA PEARCE *and* BOBBY HOWES *as She and He in "Room with a View," a highly diverting little sketch.*

VERA PEARCE *and* BOBBY HOWES *in one of the most entertaining moments of "Room with a View."*

BOBBY HOWES *gives a display of agility in the amusing sketch "Room with a View."*

"Inside Information": ARTHUR RISCOE *as The Furore with his First and Second Bodyguard,* JACK LEOPOLD *and* PHIL TRIX.

"SHEPHARD'S PIE," the successful wartime Douglas Furber revue, or "Men of Song, Dance and Laughter," as it is officially called, has returned to its former home, the Princes Theatre, with the original cast, plus Bobby Howes, who takes the place of Sydney Howard. It's a gay, brilliant and amusing show, full of high spirits, good laughs, excellent fooling and decorative dancing. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

ALL literary reputations rest on opinion, but some, and those not necessarily the highest, are much more firmly established than others. Few critics would say that Anthony Trollope belongs to the first rank of English novelists; still fewer would deny that he takes a foremost place in the second. Much greater claims have been made for George Eliot or Meredith; but, on the other hand, there are many who cannot read them; their reputations follow a far more fluctuating fashion than Trollope's—Meredith's because of his manner, perhaps; George Eliot's because of her matter. Meredith's manner, that fascinated his own generation, seems extravagant and even grotesque to ours: George Eliot's matter was chosen to illustrate problems which, in some cases, no longer interest us. Moreover, both were very serious writers, and seriousness, though a constant quality of the human mind, is also a fickle one. There is no subject which is always serious, just as there is no subject which is always funny. It is a matter of the angle of vision. Drunkenness is nearly always funny on the stage; but it is often serious in real life. The song "Don't give no more drink to my father. It makes him so strange and so wild," which made some Victorian audiences cry, makes us laugh. You can never tell if succeeding generations will find the same things serious. But the faculty of being interesting can exist apart from seriousness or humour, and is therefore less subject to changes of fashion than they are; and this is the faculty that Trollope possesses *par excellence*.

Tension.

Do we find it in the novels of Miss Compton-Burnett? is a question I have often asked myself when threading my way, dazzled, bewildered and admiring, through the labyrinths of her infinitely intricate dialogue. Miss Burnett's scene is always, to me, late-Victorian or early-Edwardian. The material signs of progress are rarely mentioned in her novels. I do not remember a reference to baths, telephones, motor-cars or electric light, though I dare say they are to be found. Her characters live in houses of unspecified period—large houses that are nevertheless not quite large enough for the families packed within their walls. This congestion generates tension, and nearly all Miss Burnett's characters live in a state of tension which, after expressing itself for a couple of hundred pages in exchanges of ironical, elegantly-turned repartee, suddenly finds an outlet in crime or fraud or violent action of the most unexpected kind. People who are controlling a chronic tendency to nervous exasperation are, to outward appearance, very much alike. Miss Burnett's characters are very much alike, and her novels are very much alike too.

MR. A. B. SINGH, *of Behar, India, is seen in the workshops chatting with the Secretary of State for India,* MR. L. S. AMERY. *Mr. Singh is one of a party of fifty young Indians from seven different States who have come to this country to be trained in modern industrial methods at Government training centres. He is learning to be an engineer.*

A Miniature World.

"Parents and Children," from its title onwards, is more like the rest than one would have thought possible. In the big house three generations congregate: grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, and the latter's nine children.

"You cannot be dull when there are so many of you together," said Eleanor [their mother], with simple conviction.

She was wrong. They were not dull in the sense of being boring, but dull in the sense of being bored. Luce, the eldest and one of the nicest of the children, observes—

"Dear, dear, the miniature world of a family! All the emotions of mankind seem to find a place in it."

"It was those emotions that originally gave rise to it," said Daniel. "No doubt they would still be there."

"What a thing to be at the head of it!" said Eleanor.

The Human Voice.

"All the emotions of mankind seem to find a place in it. . . ." That is true enough. But how far are they represented in Miss Compton-Burnett's novel? Each member of the family is felt as a personal force, rather than as a personality; the personality is fined down to a conversational rapier, which will give a good account of itself when the family meets at luncheon. These duels in dialogue, brought to a point of perfection beyond the reach of any other novelist, are too brilliant to be really revealing. They are revealing about life—in Miss Burnett's books a child can make an aphorism about life—but all they reveal of personality is the electric current behind it. I do not think that even the crisis of the story—a crisis that, for all its improbability, is wonderfully contrived—makes the characters clearer than they were. The children show themselves at their most human in the baiting of their new governess: here they one and all deserve the epithet odious. But to find an adjective that would fit each individually would be a difficult task. The child Neville, who always speaks of himself in the third person, stands apart; so does his nurse; so does Mullet, with those remarkable fantasies, of which we hear all too few, of the grandeurs of her early life. These show what Miss Burnett can make of the natural human voice when she chooses. The rest, in different degrees, of course, all use the Burnett utterance, a perfect vehicle for thought, an unrivalled weapon for exposing an interlocutor's futility: but for many purposes of human intercourse, inexpressive, and ultimately, except for the most nimble-minded reader, fatiguing. All the same it is an experience one would not miss—to pant for oxygen in this high, rarefied and glacial air.

MR. JOHN G. WINANT, *American Ambassador, played dominoes with one of the "lonely husbands" when he opened Abingdon House, a dockside establishment for men whose wives have been evacuated. Donations for its upkeep come from the "Refugees of England" Society in America, whose chairman is Lady Abingdon. The English chairman of this admirable American relief fund is the Hon. Mrs. Jack Crawshay.*

A Flight from Civilisation.

"No Return from Bali" is quite unlike either of the author's two previous novels which have been translated into English. "The Son of Marietta" and "Castle in Carinthia" were also very different from each other: one was about eighteenth-century Italy and the other about Austria at the time of the last war: but they had this in common—they were both thickly encrusted with European civilisation. In the first case that civilisation, at any rate in its Venetian manifestation, was decadent; in the second it was crumbling; and this may be regarded as their link with Johan Fabricius' last book. "No Return from Bali" (a most misleading title) tells of a European's flight from European civilisation, and his attempt to find happiness in "going native." Bali is, by common consent, one of the most beautiful places in the world, and its people one of the most delightful: contact with a superior civilisation has not corrupted them or changed their hearts or their manners.

The narrator of the story belonged to the little group of rich cosmopolitans of whom Helen was the acknowledged leader:

[Continued overleaf.

BACK SOMERSAULT STRAIGHT, BY MISS DENISE NEWMAN, *Girl Diving Champion of India.*

Cleaving the air with beauty: the FORWARD SOMERSAULT STRAIGHT.

A skilful and difficult dive: the FULL TWIST.

AIR activity has an ugly and menacing sound to those who inhabit target areas for enemy bombers, but these photographs of graceful aerobatics are entirely pacific, for they illustrate the skill and grace of MISS DENISE NEWMAN, seventeen-year-old Girl Diving Champion of India, who ranks second only to Miss Betty Slade, Champion of England. They were taken in India, and reached us recently.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. C. DORSETT AND CO.

HALF-FORWARD SOMERSAULT (TUCKED) DIVE.

AEROBATICS WITHOUT BOMBS!

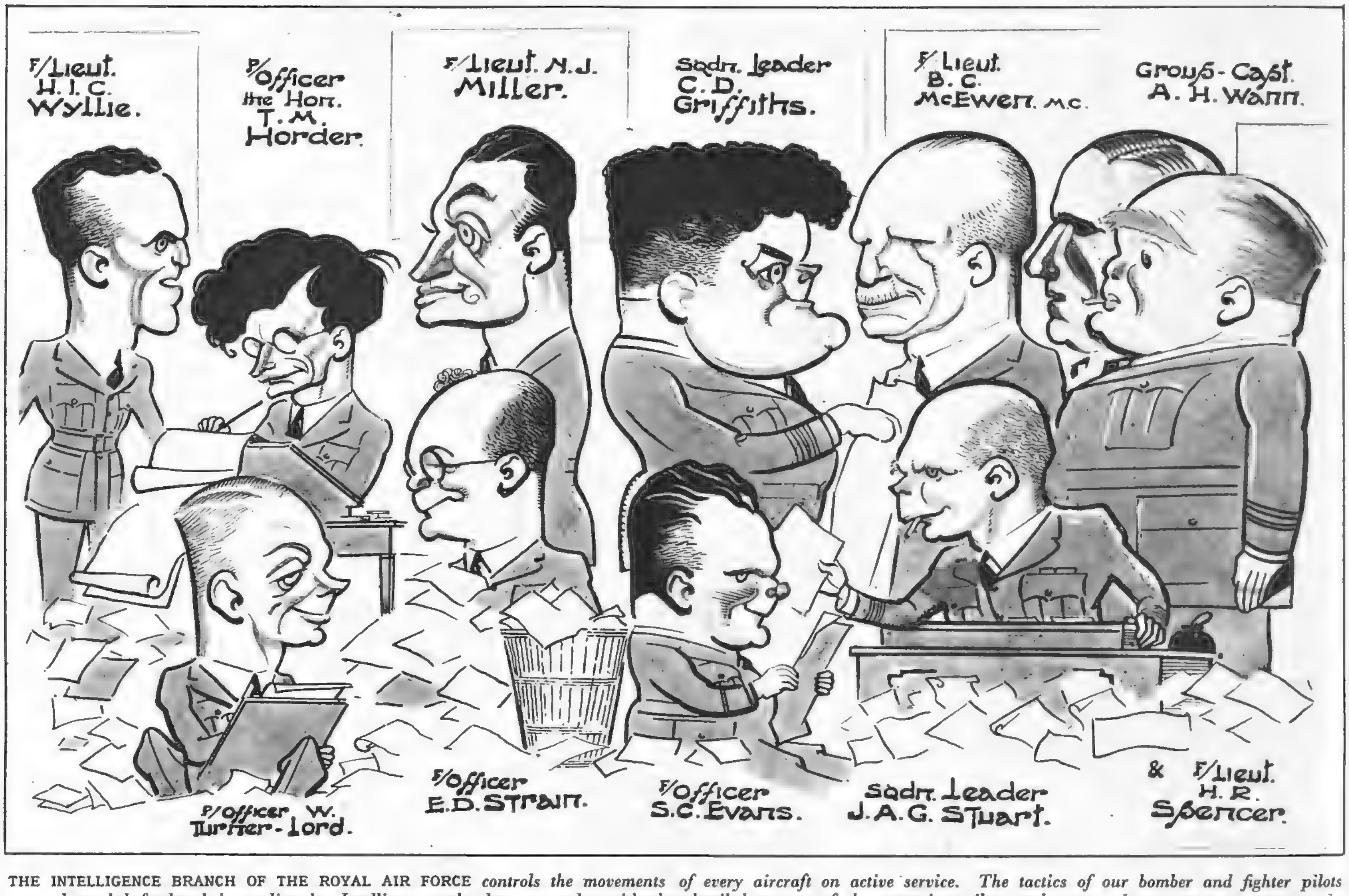
Continued.]

she had meant a good deal to him, but lately she had been passing her time with the son of a native prince. Disgusted with her and with himself, the hero falls in with a Swede who was living with a native girl in a bamboo hut on the unfashionable side of the island. Gustavsson, stricken with malaria, had to return to Europe; and the narrator succeeded to his hut and, after a brief wooing, to the affections of the girl who kept house for him. Thenceforward his idea is to identify himself with the natives, to lose his European characteristics and acquire theirs.

An Inconclusive Conflict. In the attempt—an unsuccessful attempt—he assists at a number of island festivities, religious ceremonies and the dances for which the Balinese are famous. All these, as may be imagined, are very well described; yet the author somehow fails to convey their compelling, hypnotic effect on his hero, who remains a spectator without becoming even in spirit an initiate. The magic of the place, both in its literal and figurative sense, never quite caught hold of him—nor does it quite take hold of the reader. For this reason the conflict between the two worlds is always inconclusive: war is declared, but battle is never joined. The narrator interests himself in an Austrian friend's project of building an aquarium, and finally has to go to Helen for financial help: the aquarium is finished, there is a party to celebrate its opening, again very well described: but it leads nowhere, it has no real significance in the narrator's emotional development. Nor does there seem sufficient reason for the progressive estrangement from Karti which is the root of his unhappiness. That she had a sensibility different from and finer than his could be easily shown, but the author does not lay stress on that, and her motive for withdrawing into herself seems inadequate.

"No Return from Bali" is a novel of half-shades which somehow do not make a picture. It tells us a great deal about Bali and the Balinese, it is very pleasant to read, but somehow it lacks conviction: the author never comes to grips with his subject. East and West meet but do not mix. Johan Fabricius is never an author to hammer his points home, but in his other books he brought out the drama in a way he fails to do here.

Oil! "A drop of oil," said Clemenceau, "is worth a drop of blood." This unpleasant truth might be made the text for many a sermon. Oil, that was once, with bread, the main support of life, has now become the prime instrument of death—an instrument so sought after that nations will go to any lengths to get it. To pour oil on troubled waters: how little significance the phrase has now! Now oil only has to bubble up in a thin trickle for all the waters of the world to be convulsed. Oil has much to answer for; or, if we choose to put it another way, the civilised world has much to answer for, to such base uses has it put one of the most precious of the earth's commodities. Hotspur said it was a great pity "that villainous saltpetre should be digged Out of the bowels of the harmless earth," and he might have said the same, with even more truth, about oil, had its destructive possibilities then been discovered. M. Friedwald, however, a Free Frenchman and an expert on oil, treats the subject from a realistic, not a moralistic standpoint. His little book, "Oil and the War" is a luminous exposition of the oil question in its bearing on the present conflict. He explains what oil is, tells us where it comes from, and—most important of all—which of the nations is in the best position to control its supply. As 60 per cent. of the world's oil comes from the United States, the answer to that seems to be obvious. But other factors have to be considered, including transport. M. Friedwald discusses them all, and concludes with the comforting assurance—



THE INTELLIGENCE BRANCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *controls the movements of every aircraft on active service. The tactics of our bomber and fighter pilots are planned beforehand in outline by Intelligence, who later grapples with the detailed reports of the returning pilots and crews.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

As far as oil is concerned, Great Britain holds all the strong cards. Indeed, it is safe to say that she cannot be confronted with a really serious oil problem *whatever happens.*

The italics are his.

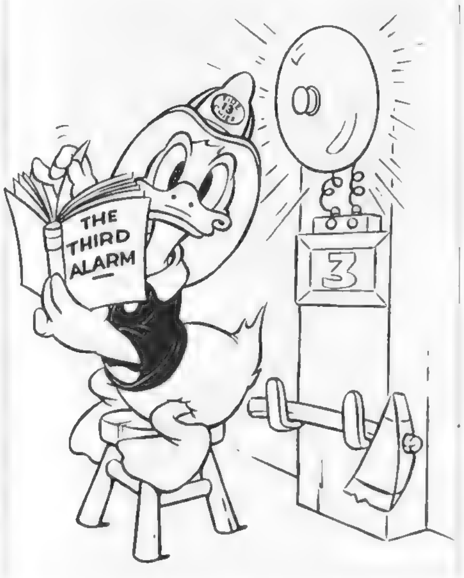
Human Nature in Detective Fiction. Writers of detective stories are sometimes a little cavalier in their treatment of their characters: any dummy, however wooden, is good enough to display their elaborate costume of plot and incident. But Mr. Lawrence Meynell has lavished great care on the people in "The Creaking Chair," and they repay him by being vivid and alive. The crystal-gazer and her dim-lit room with the model of Strasbourg Cathedral made of matchboxes, and the landlady whose natural mistrust of the police was vanquished by sympathy over a broken window, possess more human interest than is generally to be found in the intricacies of alibis and motives. The corpse makes an unusually late entrance into the story.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Parents and Children. By I. Compton-Burnett. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
No Return from Bali. By Johan Fabricius. (*Collins; 8s.*)
Oil and the War. By E. M. Friedwald. (*Heinemann; 3s. 6d.*)
The Creaking Chair. By Lawrence W. Meynell. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

The twelfth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."

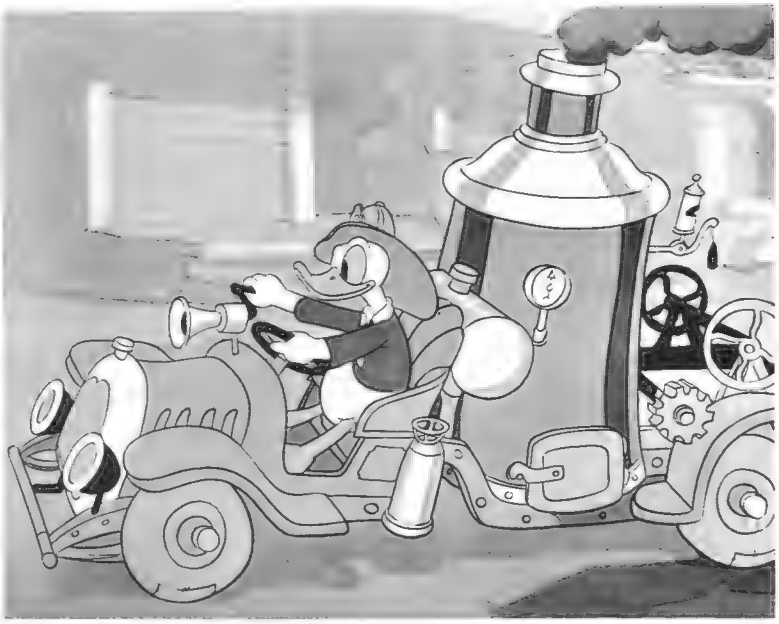
DONALD DUCK ROLLS UP AS A FIRE-FIGHTER.



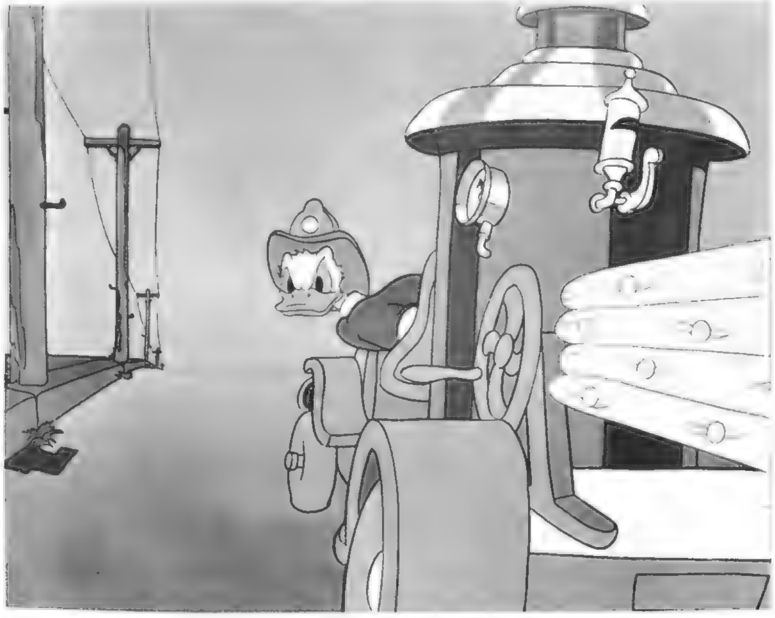
DONALD DUCK, *one of the most popular of the Walt Disney characters, has obeyed the slogan and rolled up as a fire-fighter. Here he is in the title-rôle of a new film,* "FIRE CHIEF."

Donald hears the fire-bell's awful clangour and sets out at full speed, not realising that the conflagration is at his own station.

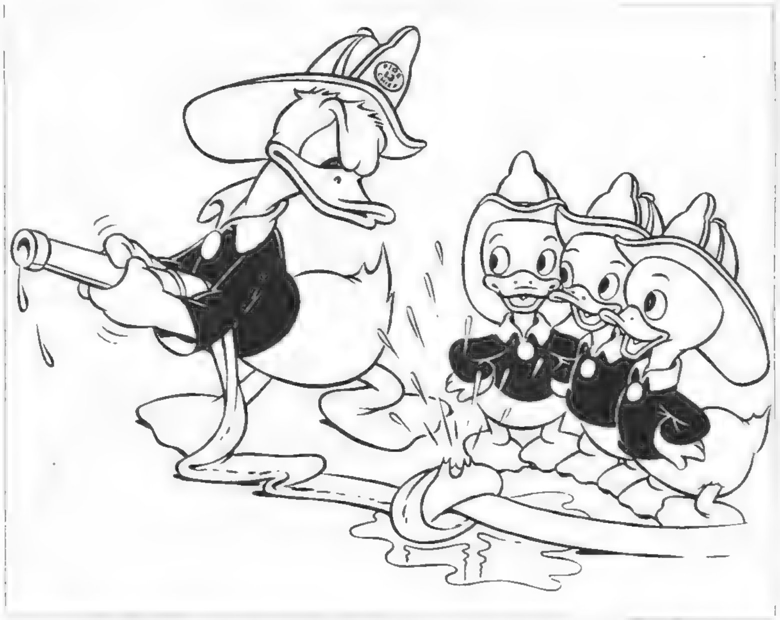
Here Donald is looking extremely purposeful as he prepares to extinguish the fire with his hose.



Donald drives his fire-engine at breakneck speed. Here he is dashing to the scene of action.



Another shot of Donald, illustrating his expression of horror and amazement at discovering that it is his own station which is on fire.



Donald does not approve of either the suggestions or the handiwork of his three demon nephews, who are past-masters in the art of mischief.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"GOING away for Whitsun?" asked The Engineer.

"Oh, yeah; I can't decide whether to spend a few days at Brighton, or to go and play golf on the East Coast."

"Sorry," The Engineer apologised. "I am a trifle woolly at present. Came off duty at eight o'clock this morning, and I can't go home for the rest of the day, like you Stock Exchange chaps do."

"Oh, do we?" retorted The Broker. "That shows how much you know about it. Who would look after our business if we did that?"

"Sorry again, Sir. I thought you said there was no business doing."

"That 's the funny thing about our place," The Jobber remarked. "You 'd think there was nothing going on, and yet you constantly hear of lines of shares changing hands——"

"Insurance companies buying them, I suppose?"

"Trust companies, too. And, what is more surprising, private clients come along with really respectable orders to buy shares in companies they know something about from their own experience."

"And it 's all the odds from an orange to a pound of onions that you can't get hold of the shares."

"It 's difficult, of course; one has to be patient, but the shares do come in if you wait long enough."

"You can wait more than long enough sometimes," observed The Merchant.

"Cryptic," The Jobber commented.

"I bought some shares three months ago and I 'm still waiting to sign the transfer for them."

"You told us that before," said The Broker, as though this were a satisfactory excuse for the delay which too frequently occurs in delivery of shares. "Probably the jobber hasn't been able to buy them back."

"Then why do the shares keep on marking at lower prices than I gave for mine three months ago?"

"Oddments. Broken amounts. Special bargains."

"You know all the answers, of course. But I wonder that your Committee don't take more energetic steps to hasten deliveries."

"So do I," The Jobber admitted. "Business is pretty difficult, though, and most of us do try to make prices, if only to let the public realise that they can deal when they want to."

"I wonder if you will see the War Loan interest coming into the House," said The City Editor. "It 's payable on June the first, you know."

"Whit Sunday," The Merchant remarked. "Don't stockholders usually spend their dividends more on necessaries than stocks and shares?"

"They will this year, for certain," The City Editor asserted. "You know the old saying that there are times when it 's better to have stock: other times, when it 's preferable to have goods."

"I know which I would rather have nowadays. But Londoners find it difficult to get either."

"London is better off than a good many places are, as regards what you can buy. You 've only to look at some of the papers to see that. Not that even London has any free market in jam or sugar or butter or——"

"Why ram these things down our throat? We get what we are registered for——"

"I 've been thinking," said The Broker, "that instead of making solicitors, and banks, and attachés register with the Stock Exchange, we should open an official register of clients."

"What good would that be?"

"Well, you might be registered with me for War Loan, say. And, if you asked me to sell five hundred pounds for you, I could refuse to do it unless you bought a hundred Courtaulds or a couple of hundred Ashantis. It would help my brokerage column and bring more business into all the markets."

"Behold, this dreamer cometh!" scoffed The Jobber. "What on earth will you say next? You ought to be on the Stock Exchange Committee: indeed you ought."

"I support that," The Merchant seconded. "If you were there, I might get my transfers more quickly. In all seriousness, I think that air-raid risks should make you buck up to complete your bargains as quickly as possible."

The Jobber thought of the pile of names that he was still holding over, and deemed it advisable to change the bowling. "I have here," said he, "a list——"

"And I 'm sure you won't be missed."

"Gilbert and Sullivan, my daughter says, are out of date."

"Tell her, with my compliments," The Broker observed, "that she is behind the times."

"And on this list," The Jobber pursued, "are Hope Brothers ordinary, offered at a price that gives you over ten per cent. on your money."

"Qualcast ordinary don't look bad. Last dividend was thirty per cent. out of earnings of nearly forty-eight. They pay you £6 13s. 4d. per cent."

"So do Vickers. 'War shares'? I know, but they 're good things to have."

The City Editor asked if anyone had noticed the Rawlplug figures. "Good little Company, that," said he. "On the present forty per cent. dividend, the shares pay eight per cent., even under war conditions."

"Are there any on offer in the market?"

"You might be able to pick up a hundred or two. The market is limited."

"What is the use of advising me to buy shares if there are none obtainable in the market? The newspapers do that sort of thing, and it always annoys me."

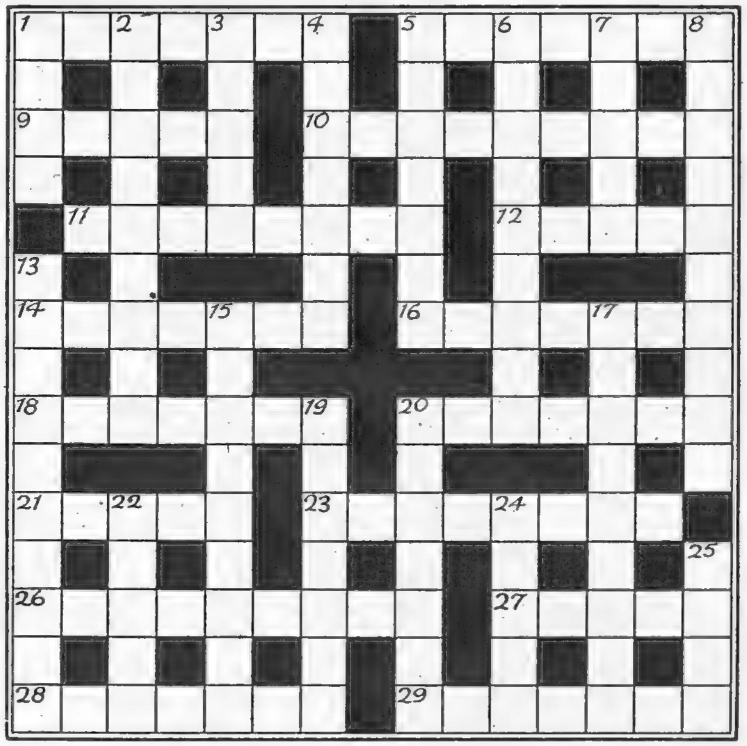
"The newspaper writers might at least find out," The Broker replied, "whether there are shares available in the market before recommending a purchase of them."

"Ah," said The City Editor thoughtfully, "that 's a very good tip, and I will see what can be done. We should hate to waste anybody's time or money just now."

"I tried to buy some of those gummed slips that enable you to use an envelope twice over," The Engineer laughed. "The girl said they had none of those, but plenty of new envelopes. 'Will they do instead?' she asked me brightly. 'They're cheaper!'"

Friday, May 23, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Might it not be hind quarters? (7).
5. Scatter (7).
9. Chant a note and burn off the tips (5).
10. Where crowds used to watch strikers doing good service (9).
11. One can scarcely say it is all up with them (8).
12. This ant is one of the fighting sort (5).
14. It 's invigorating whichever way you look at it (7).
16. Face about the vessel daily (7).
18. Clothing headed by but one item (7).
20. No story to re-read on the road from London to Cambridge (7).
21. There 's a lot in such inactivity (5).
23. Island that is like madness itself when it loses its head (8).
26. You should have the choice about the time when this is performed (9).
27. Barristers do in simple addresses (5).
28. What caddies do with seats (7).
29. Veiled threats? (7).

DOWN.

1. The item in No 18 Across (4).
2. Accredited to the cat (two words; 4, 5).
3. Hot air (5).
4. It can't occur until 1942 (two words; 3, 4).
5. Reflect in bed and so get stupefied (7).
6. It would be very rude to describe it as the town of busy liars (9).
7. The judge names the first and the jury often adds one (5).
8. Alice, where art thou? (10).
13. No amateur ghosts for the larder (10).
15. Condescend to grant (9).
17. Food that is nourishing and tidy inside with a bit of a frost characterising it (9).
19. A silent change (7).
20. Doesn't take any too nicely (7).
22. Nothing green in heraldry is unconcealed (5).
24. Perhaps the first letter Paul ever wrote (5).
25. Sounds a smelly river (4).

HENRY FONDA as the *awkward zoologist Charles, heir to " Pike's Pale—the Ale that Won for Yale," takes a toss at a party.*

Charles, through shyness, puts a foot wrong at a reception and brings down the flowers and smokes.

Charles is so embarrassed by the beauty and wit of Lady Eve (BARBARA STANWYCK) *that he backs under the tea-tray.*

Charles shows the serpent to the girl, Jean (BARBARA STANWYCK), *and pays more attention to the latter than to the former.*

HENRY FONDA *as Charles, wealthy young snake-hunter who is perpetually embarrassed by the attentions of match-making mothers.*

Charles cannot understand the likeness between society-girl Lady Eve and Jean, the daughter of an international card-sharper.

Happy ending! Charles solves the mystery of Lady Eve, and realises that he cannot live without Jean.

" THE LADY EVE," new Paramount picture (Plaza), is a merry farce by Preston Sturges, author of " Down Went McGinty " and " Christmas in July." HENRY FONDA has the whale of a part as rich, shy, awkward Charles, the zoologist who hunts snakes and is in turn hunted by the mothers of marriageable girls. He falls in love with Jean, daughter of phoney " Col " Harrington, and decoy for her father's card-sharping gang. When he finds out her identity he breaks the engagement, but Jean wins the last round, for she masquerades as Lady Eve, so-called half-sister of Jean, and subjugates her Charles for the second time.

Another close-up of BARBARA STANWYCK *and* HENRY FONDA *as Lady Eve and Charles.*

"THE LADY EVE" STANWYCK SNARES SHY SNAKE-HUNTER FONDA.

BLIND CORNER.*

By A. M. BURRAGE.

WHEN it first became known that the house on Blind Corner was in danger of demolition, it was an occasion—generally speaking—for mild approbation or mild regret. The tall Queen Anne house, which stood with its front to the High Street and its left flank to Ockery Road, became recognised as a danger to everybody. Motorists who realised that they sometimes walked, and pedestrians who remembered that they took occasional rides, found common ground in the general agitation.

The conventional warnings were all there. There were little rectangulars of metal let into the road, informing the pedestrian that he had the right of crossing, and that such traffic as might attack him from the flank had been warned against his possible vagaries. But the motorist, turning right, had to go blindly for a fateful yard or two against any oncoming traffic.

And so, one fine day, it was decided by the Powers-that-Be that Ockery House was on the condemned list and must go the way of all things—be they institutions or kings or houses or even common men—that stand in the way of the sacred cause of Progress.

Mr. Reginald Bentry heard about it unofficially at first. He heard rumour and stronger rumour; then rumour denied; then at last the plain fact. It came first in the report of a Council meeting published in the local paper. Then a polite official letter. The property would be bought from him at valuation and, of course, adequate compensation would be paid for the inconvenience.

Then Mr. Bentry sat down and wrote a letter—the first of many letters on the same subject which were received by the Town Council, the local Member, the Ministry of Transport, and the London papers.

Mr. Bentry was a shy, timid, retiring man, who looked out upon the world from behind large spectacles with an air of apology and surprise. The manner suggested that, although Mr. Bentry—well on in years as he was—was slightly astonished to see a world in which he was unworthy to live, he still hoped that the world would recover from his intrusion and permit him—all unworthy as he was—to continue alive.

So it befell that, one night after a Council meeting, the Chairman, Mr. Robert Hoskins, J.P., went home with material for gossip for his wife—but gossip which did not, at that time, promise anything much in the way of sensation.

"We 've had a letter from old Bentry," he said, grinning; "and he says he won't go. Of course, he 'll have to. And another letter from his lawyer—a London lawyer. And I 've had an interview with him, too. Bentry, I mean. He says he 'll go to the House of Lords if necessary. Well, I 'm sorry."

"So am I," said Mrs. Hoskins, in another tone. "I 'm very sorry for the old man indeed. You see, my dear, you 're quite kind-hearted, but you don't understand sentiment."

Mr. Hoskins bridled.

"Oh, yes, I do. I understand sensible sentiment. It isn't as if the house had been in his family for generations or had any real history. He bought it himself within the memory of plenty of people I know. It 's a nice enough house, but there are plenty like it in every old town, all cut to the same pattern——"

"Yes. But no other house would be the same to him. There was his wife. I know you know the story, because we 've talked about it before."

Mr. Hoskins laughed in the easy-going fashion of a man whose domestic life had been free from upheavals.

"Yes, I know she bolted. In fact he hinted that when he came to see me—as if I didn't know already. Well, if every house from which an unfaithful wife had bolted were to be preserved, the re-planning of towns would be a sheer impossibility."

"I know," said Mrs. Hoskins, "only I can't help being sorry for him. In the ordinary course of nature he can't have very long to live. It 's a pity he can't be allowed to rust out what remain of his days in that house—with all its bitter-sweet memories."

Mr. Hoskins laughed again. "Have you two been laying your heads together?" he asked chaffingly.

"No. Why?"

"Because that 's just what he said."

"Well, naturally."

Mr. Hoskins frowned and swallowed.

"Well, my dear, sentiment 's all right. I 've nothing against it. I 'm the last man. But still—what about some sentiment for the present generation and the future. When two cars have collided, and people been killed, and children slaughtered on their way to school, are you still going to suggest that the poor old chap's sentiment should come first?"

"Nobody 's been killed there yet."

"No—by a miracle. Are we to wait until somebody *is*?"

Mrs. Hoskins sniffed.

"I don't know why people need be killed. Not if they act sensibly. And if they don't, they deserve to be. But that poor, harmless, broken-hearted old man has done nothing to deserve being turned out of his house, so full of the memories of other days——"

"Morbid old idiot. Do him good."

Mrs. Hoskins turned her shoulder upon the gross materialist.

"Well," she said, "you haven't got rid of him yet. He 's got plenty of money, they say, and I dare say he 'll fight. And whether you win or not, the ratepayers will have to foot your side of the bill."

Mr. Hoskins, knowing more of these matters than did his wife, smiled a trifle disdainfully.

"Oh, he can't go to law. The machinery is all in our hands. It 's just a matter of compensation. Of course, he might be able to get a lot of sympathy and stir up a certain amount of trouble."

Mr. Hoskins did not over-estimate the capacity of little shy Mr. Bentry for rousing sympathy and giving trouble. He did both, and managed to cause a considerable delay. A London lawyer was briefed to disinter and misinterpret local byelaws, to petition the House of Commons, to put every imaginable spoke in the wheel of Progress.

And while the village Hampdens wrote on his behalf to the county and London papers, the sentimental whispered the tale which could not be printed during Mr. Bentry's life.

The English are a sentimental, complacent and fatalistic race. If cruel things have to be done for our convenience, it is much nicer to hear about them after they have happened. The brutality of animal slaughter is not a matter to be discussed just before lunch—but afterwards; when the roast lamb has tasted very nice, and everybody knows that it is too late now to worry about the ethics of eating it.

The town was divided into factions. The older and more conservative folk sided with Mr. Bentry, who received also a little support from some of the younger generation, to whom sentiment was not a word altogether without meaning.

Certainly Mr. Bentry gained time, but only in the sense that a sick man fighting for his life staves off for a time that last inevitable hour. Progress triumphed as Progress always must; and at last a Final Order, against which there was no appeal, was served on sad, mild, round-cheeked little Mr. Bentry.

That was on a Thursday. Mr. Bentry accepted the Order without any show of emotion, and indeed, said nothing much to anybody. But on the Sunday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins were returning from church, they saw a crowd around the Corner House, and two policemen trying to induce it to disperse.

"There you are!" said Mr. Hoskins. "Here 's your accident at last."

'I don't believe it 's a road accident, anyway," said Mrs. Hoskins. And, since she was an observant woman, she added: "People are looking up, not down."

[Continued overleaf

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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BLIND CORNER.—*(Continued.)*

"Wait a moment," muttered her husband briefly, "and I 'll go and find out."

She saw him cross the road and speak to one of the policemen, who touched his helmet and leaned forward in a confidential pose. Then Mr. Hoskins returned to her, grim and frowning.

"It 's Bentry," he said briefly.

"What do you mean?"

"In the house—dead. They 're waiting for the ambulance."

"Dead! But how? And why the ambulance?"

"Post-mortem, I suppose. There always is in cases like this. Sudden death, you know. Anyhow, it all seems to be quite clear. Another case of gas. Poor old chap got tired of waiting and threw his hand in."

Mrs. Hoskins stared at her husband, who read what was in her eyes, and flinched.

"Then you 're one of his murderers," she said, in a small and distant voice.

"Oh, what nonsense!" he retorted. But there was no conviction in his tone.

They moved slowly away together, and Mrs. Hoskins continued talking in a low and muffled voice.

"You 're one of his murderers. You 're all his murderers. Why couldn't you leave the poor old man alone in his house of memories? You 're pulling the place down on the pretext of saving lives. Well, you 've killed one man in doing it."

"It 's no use talking," he said gruffly. "I tell you the house had to come down."

"Ah! And now you 'll see at last what the town really thinks about it!"

Mrs. Hoskins was quite correct in her last remark. The world loves a lover—even an elderly and bereaved lover. The town crowded to the old man's funeral, and turned an angry face upon its own elect. The sentimentalists turned to triumph over the materialists, and found few materialists to triumph over. Few save those who had spoken in public admitted that they had wished to see the house demolished. For a few days, the members of the Council moved sullenly and sheepishly among their fellow-men, aware that if an election were imminent few if any would be returned, but taking comfort in the reflection that memories are short and distractions crowded around the corners of every hour.

The work of demolition began, and the sentimentalists—since they were English and disinclined to quarrel over the irreparable—shrugged their shoulders and looked the other way.

Four evenings after the housebreakers had begun their work, Mr. Hoskins arrived home with a grim, set smile on his face. He greeted his wife with an air of suppressed triumph.

"Interesting discovery to-day," he said. "Be all over the town to-morrow—if it isn't by now. Poor old Bentry! Shame—wasn't it?—driving him to suicide by pulling down the house in which he 'd lived so happily with his darling but faithless wife before she ran away?"

Mrs. Hoskins recognised the tone—which she privately detested—and looked up sharply.

"What 's the matter?" she asked. "What 's happened?"

"Well, Mrs. Bentry, when she ran away, didn't run far. In fact, it 's practically certain that it 's her skeleton which has just been found—together with a quantity of lime—under one of the attic floors. One of the bones of the skull had been shattered by a bullet."

He paused, and his lips lengthened in a grim smile.

"I suppose he was too old and hadn't the courage to try to hide the bones elsewhere. Anyhow, now you know why he moved heaven and earth to try to save the house. And chose what he thought the best way out when he found he couldn't."

THE END.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CMI.

TOO STRONG TO BID!

SOME little time ago I pointed out that "no bid" is one of the best bids at contract—or at auction, for that matter. Now, although I am all in favour of making an over-call of opponent's opening bid—an interference bid, which so many say is suicidal—there are situations when your hand is actually *too strong*—or at any rate, defensively too useful—to make an over-call. Sounds odd, doesn't it?

Suppose you find something of this kind: Spades—K, 10, x, x; Hearts—K, Kn, x, x; Clubs—K, Kn, x; and Diamonds—A, x. The opponent on your right opens one spade or one heart—you should pass. Most players, I fancy, would either double or make an over-call; one no-trump, no doubt. I say you should pass. Here is the logic of it. It is obvious that most of the high cards and strength lie between yourself and opening bidder; therefore the best you can expect from your partner is just an average hand; game is out of the question, and the most hopeful result would be a small-part score.

But why should your partner hold the average hand?—opponent on your left is just as likely to hold it, in which case your partner will hold a "bust," and your over-call will be the first step towards getting your side into trouble; and, worse still, it will be the first step towards getting opponents *out* of trouble, for, if by chance your partner does hold an average hand (when opening bidder's partner must of necessity hold a "bust"), then, even against a contract of one spade or heart you will be fairly sure of picking up a penalty of some sort, while if the potential dummies' holdings are reversed (the average hand being on your left), opponents may feel inclined to bid up to high levels, when you can double and probably get a worth-while penalty. Note: should you, however, put in an over-call, opponents are not likely to bid up high—you will have warned them! The simple way of looking at these sort of situations is this: your opponents start at a disadvantage—let them alone. Don't relieve them of their trouble and put yourself into the self-same disadvantageous position by making an over-call.

Here is the hand given last week—

	SPADES—Q, 10, x, x, x. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—K, 9, 8, 7. DIAMONDS—A, 7, 6, 5. N	
SPADES—K, Kn. HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, 10, x. CLUBS—Q, 10, x. DIAMONDS—Q, 8, x.	W E	SPADES—x. HEARTS—9, 8, x, x, x, x. CLUBS—x, x, x. DIAMONDS—10, 9, x.
	S SPADES—A, 9, 8, 7, 5. HEARTS—A, x. CLUBS—A, Kn, x. DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x.	

The contract is six spades by South. West leads the king of hearts.

This is an example of committing the greatest of all bridge sins! North ruffs the heart lead, and playing the hand at double dummy, South sees that he must lose a trump trick, so, to make contract, he has to successfully bring off a finesse in a minor suit. The only way to do this is to get one of the suits led up to his own hand, or after eliminating hearts to get a heart lead. Trick No. 2 is taken by the ace of trumps, when South leads his ace of hearts, and as he cannot afford to shed either a club or a diamond, he must trump his ace! (Incidentally, there are quite a few situations where an ace must be ruffed; after all, it is the same thing as trumping any other winning card.) Dummy throws West in with a trump lead, when, if West leads a heart, dummy trumps and South gets a discard enabling him to establish a long winner in dummy in clubs or diamonds. If West leads a club or a diamond a long winner in dummy is automatically established, on which South can throw his one loser, and make the rest.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 21

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Takes in. 5. Painter. 9. Breathless speed. 10. Ruin. 11. Corot. 12. Gobi. 15. Sights. 16. Redditch. 18. Converse. 19. Buffet. 22. Ness. 23. Viola. 24. Midi. 27. Freehand drawing. 28. Red-pole. 29. Swagger.

DOWN.—1. Tabards. 2. Keeping one's head. 3. Sets. 4. Nelson. 5. Passover. 6. Inst. 7. The cost of living. 8. Reddish. 13. Utter. 14. Adsum. 17. Assignee. 18. Conifer. 20. Trigger. 21. Blades. 25. Ohio. 26. Para.

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THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

"GENTLEMEN, THE ROYAL AIR FORCE!"

By D. L. MAYS

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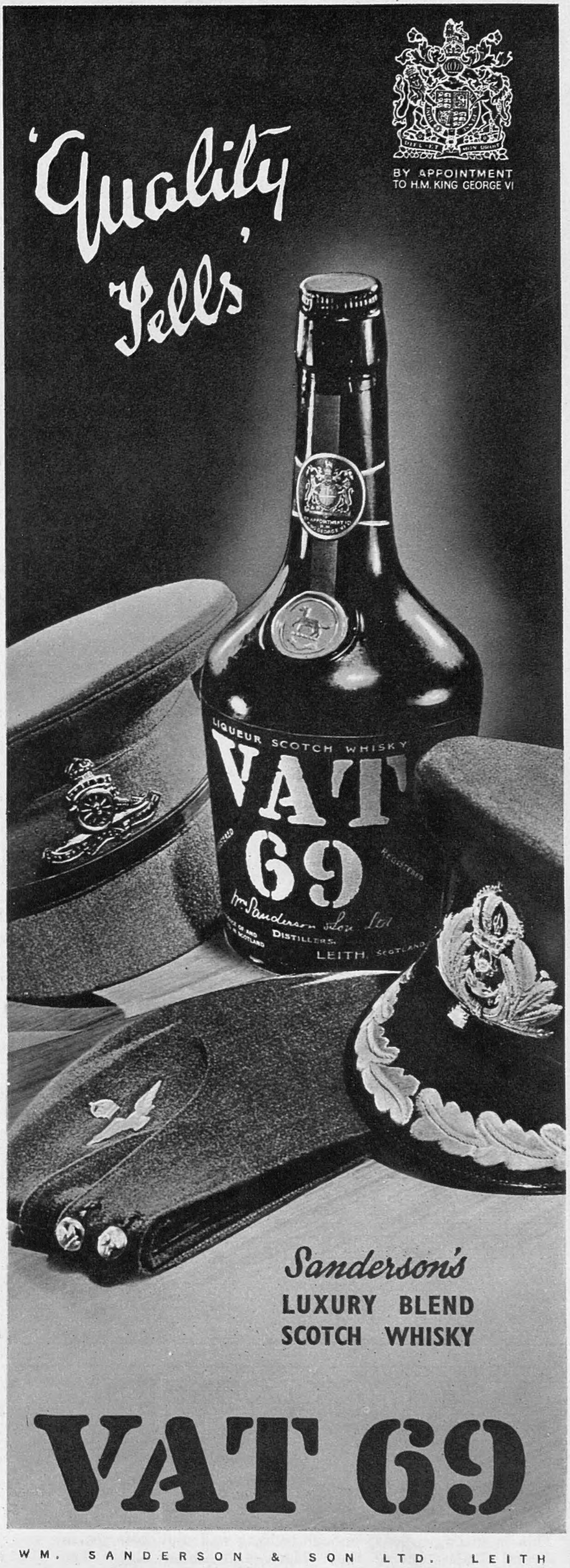

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH

AT last the forage cap, a shape which has always suited women, has been adapted for the A.T.S. In beech brown, piped with green and with a peach-coloured cleft, it makes an attractive finish to the uniform for informal occasions. The outfit above has been tailored by Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, for an officer in the A.T.S. They have all the correct accessories, too, so your full equipment can be assembled in a very short time.

PRACTICAL, yet decorative, perfectly suited to wartime needs, are these coiffures designed by Vasco, 16, Dover Street, W.1. Both were first expertly cut, then given curls and waves by the Steam-Point-Winding-Perming process. The model on the right allowed her hair to dry naturally.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

COOL, CORRECT, CHARMING

KEEP cool, in every sense, in simple printed frocks this summer. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, have an attractive collection, including the model on the right. This is in crêpe, heavy enough to hang well, and costs 70s. in several shades, among them black and China blue. The high draped neckline and formal print make it suitable for town, for committees and other war work out of uniform.